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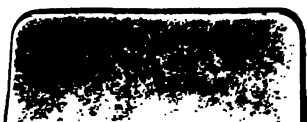
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# KILWUDDIE

## AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES NICOLSON,

Author of "WILLIE WAUGH," &c.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY THE REV. ALEXR. MACLEOD,

Minister of John Street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow.

"Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

"Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

"Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."

LONGFELLOW.

GLASGOW: SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

1863.

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## P R E F A C E.

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PREFACES—especially to poetical productions—are not unfrequently looked upon as apologies for what is to follow ; among such, the reader will please not to include mine. Nor would I have the Introductory Notice, so kindly furnished by my friend and literary—no less than spiritual—father, looked upon as an apology for the contents of the present volume. I believe, with the gifted *Poet of the Mine*, that poetry, if it be genuine, will live, and, if not, it will die—and, perhaps, the sooner the better. But I do not, like him, claim to have my productions weighed apart from my circumstances, seeing that out of these they have, in a manner, been *churned*. True, the waves of circumstances do often cast up mire and dirt, but they also reveal bits of shining coral and finely polished shells, among which may occasionally be found a pearl. The reader will find little in the following pages to dazzle the intellect, or kindle the imagination ; nothing of that lightning poetry that leaps, sword-like, from its sheath of darkness to smite

the adamantine soul of the world, which, notwithstanding, moves on, in its usual way, refusing to be electrified. I have written from and for the heart, rather than the head, believing that, with all our boasted intellectual progress, the culture of this portion of our being lags very much behind; and sure am I, that no one will grudge me work-room in a field so large, and where so much remains to be done.

JAMES NICOLSON.

*March, 1863.*

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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ABOUT eighteen years ago, being then the pastor of a country church, I adopted the plan, at the soirees of our Sabbath schools, of drawing the speeches and the music from the teachers themselves. It was a lucky circumstance for this plan, that the author of the following poems was one of the teachers. Sometimes he contributed a speech, sometimes an allegory, but more frequently a poem or a hymn. At length, it came to be an almost invariable feature of our social meetings with the scholars, and of the annual sermon to children as well, that a hymn by young Nicolson was sung. He was a most diligent and conscientious teacher; but he was more fitted for retirement and quietness than for the bustle of a school. His hymns sung well, and were relished by those who sung them; but they were rather the promise of poetry than poetry itself.—Nicolson had been self-taught. He had at that time, read nothing better than weekly journals, and denominational magazines. His susceptible and untrained mind was open to all comers. New theologies, new politics, new views of the rights of labour began to lay hold



upon him. A certain working of dissatisfaction with things in general was coming to light in his talk. The night-side of earth was turned upon his soul. All this told upon the hymns he produced. They ran in one groove, and under various metres, were still the expression of a bald and used-up train of thought. Excellent though they were for our particular purpose, one could not help remarking that it was an excellence which their author might live to surpass. They had here and there a happy turn, here and there a striking verse, but they were not the natural expression of a healthy, human soul. It was not in hymn-writing that Nicolson was to find his true sphere.

At this time, the Progressist school of poetry began to sing its songs. It sang of labour, of its hardships and joys; and Nicolson turned from hymn-writing to the composition of labour-songs. But he was not yet at home. He, too, following in the wake of the new attractions, sang of "horny-handed sons of labour," but as yet only with the echo of what others had better sung.

Insensibly, however, he glided into his proper element. Fancy a border land between external nature and the social life of the working classes, inhabited by a people speaking the provincial tongue of the West of Scotland. This was the sphere in which he found the voice to sing. Sallying from workshops, or the humble dwellings of the poor, his muse looked with a kindly spirit on nature, and rejoiced in the rainbows and flowers, of which society could not bereave its

toiling members. Or he sat down by the fireside of the class with which he was best acquainted, and in the domestic joys and sorrows of his fellow-workers he took a friendly share. Powers of observation, which he possesses to a considerable degree, but which hymn-writing and labour-songs did not give play to, got leave now to come out and bring back their spoils. Powers of sympathy, which his own trials had served to develop, found now appropriate objects on which to rest. He sang without constraint, with less and lessening signs of the manner or ring of others. He became natural, and free, and poetic. And the more he felt himself at home, his zeal in the cultivation of his poetic faculties increased. He worked hard at poetry, and gave to it the best of his brain and heart. No student, for the high honours of his university, ever worked harder. Beneath the surface of his daily toil, there was the most unresting flow of observations and thoughts, which were turned into poetry when the day's toil was ended. His songs became more and more simple; and by and by there came welling up, in the *patois* of the common folk, little rills of real pathos and humour. He wrote "Willie Waugh" and "The Curse of Kilwuddie." But if any reader of this, wishes at once, and within a smaller compass, to see a specimen, in which the best features of Nicolson's poetry are displayed, I advise him to turn to the inimitable story of "The Gaiters," in Part Third of "The Curse of Kilwuddie;" or, still better, to the "Clock and the Bellows," among the smaller poems.

The last-named is a discussion of the "Twa dogs"—sort, on the parallel merits of married and single life, the Clock going in for the latter, and the Bellows powerfully for the former. It will not occupy much space to quote a few lines. The Bellows is speaking for matrimony:—

"In time o' health, it may be fun to lichtly wife and wean,  
But wait till sickness lays him down upon a bed o' pain,  
Where there's nae couthie, kindly han' tae wipe his clammy  
broo,  
Nor mak' the needfu' cordial tae wet his burnin' mou'.

Nor only wi' her woman's han' tae licht'en his distress,  
But a' an angel's tenderness to soothe, caress, an' bless ;  
O, it will be an awfu' thocht, when he lies down to dee,  
That nae saft lips are there to kiss—nae han' tae close his  
ee."

The clock loses temper, and falls back on its own righteousness:—

"But ere the bellows could reply—to end this wordy war  
I startit to my feet, an' flang the window brods ajar :  
An' lol owre a' the kindlen east the young Aurora blushed ;  
I listened for the sounds again, but a' was saftly hushed."

Akin to this piece, is another which I mention, not as more excellent than many others in the volume, but as more characteristic of the best that Nicolson can do. He has named it "The Wee Swiss Clock." I will match the following verse against any single verse of its own class which can be produced:—

“There’s something in the human heart that cleaves to meaner things;—

Than ivy to the ruined wa’, mair lovingly it clings;  
There’s room within the lovin’ heart for a’ the human flock,  
Forbye an orra corner left for e’n a wee clock.”

I serve a double purpose by quoting these lines. Besides affording a glimpse into the characteristic traits of their author’s style and power, they announce what I have as yet only hinted at, that he belongs himself to the working classes. His circumstances must, and ought to be taken into account. It would be a manifest injustice in reading his poems, to forget the life of the man who wrote them, and the kind of training he has had. And I therefore now proceed to acquaint the reader with such facts as will throw light upon these.

It happens, very fortunately, that I can do this in the words of the author himself. A few years ago, some benevolent gentlemen connected with the *Commonwealth* newspaper offered prizes for autobiographies written by working men. One of these prizes was obtained by James Nicolson, and his account of himself was published under a disguised name, by the promoters, in their paper. It is from this I am now to quote:—

“I was born at Edinburgh on the 21st of October, 1822, the anniversary of Lord Nelson’s death. Being ushered into the world in circumstances by no means flattering or propitious, the recollections of my early days are not so sunny as they might have been. I still retain a disagreeable impression

of stinted meals—sour looks, and days of taciturnity, relieved here and there by scenes of conviviality. But, amid the gloomy firmament of my early recollections, there are little patches of azure, through which shines into my soul, even now, the radiance of joys then experienced. For example, my father used to take me on Sabbath mornings to St Bernard's Well—a favourite walk of his—where on the one hand ran the Water of Leith, and on the other a small stream that drove the mills in the locality. I still remember taking great pleasure in looking at the moss-grown strata that formed the bed of the stream, over and around which the waters leapt and danced, and broke the stillness of the sacred morn by their melodious gurgling. I remember one occasion in particular, on which I experienced feelings of exquisite delight. On this occasion, I was allowed to accompany my parents in an excursion to Inchkeith light-house, in the Firth of Forth. The blue bosom of the Firth was all studded over with boats and vessels, whose snowy sails spread wing-like to catch the breeze, whilst, overhead, the sky presented one wide field of glowing azure, diversified with light, fleecy clouds, whose snowy edges shone as if with living light; the whole forming a beautiful counterpart to the scene below. So strongly was my almost infant mind impressed with the beauty of the scene, that I can recall, even now, the delightful feelings it produced.

. . . . .

Three weeks at school, and a family-fitting to Paisley, and domestic trials, and poverty and death, put their marks on the remaining portion of his childhood :—

“ By the time I had reached my seventh year, it was

thought advisable that I should be sent out to do something, and I was, accordingly, despatched to a tobacco work; where, for my services, I was proud to learn, I would receive the handsome salary of 1s per week. And here commenced my real education. There were six men in the work, and about twenty boys, with whom the former amused themselves by setting them up in pairs to fight, the rest forming around them what was termed a "London ring." The victor was generally lauded for his pluck, whilst the vanquished hero had to retire with a bleeding nose or mouth, amid the jeers of his companions. I had only been here about a month when the brute with whom I wrought—for some trifling inattention—struck me a blow on the mouth, which immediately gushed with blood, and caused me to go home that night with lips swelled to twice their natural size. My indignation at this brutal act was somewhat appeased by the assurance that I would not be sent back, although, the very next day, I was sent to another work of the same kind. Here I was treated with more kindness, yet I was not the less exposed to the blighting influence of immorality. The boys were of the very lowest class, ignorant and profane, yet very acute in wickedness. We were poorly clad, mostly shoeless, so that, in winter, those of us who had bonnets wore them as much on our feet as on our heads. Swearing and slang formed the major part of our conversation, whilst the men amused themselves and us by narrating those parts of their individual histories best fitted to excite the morbid imagination, and tickle our risible faculties. Stories of lewdness and debauchery, rioting and drinking, were our every day lessons.

"And now I began in right good earnest to apply myself

to the art of reading. My books were sign-boards and hand-bills, of which, God be praised, there was no lack. These, by the help of bigger boys who could read a little, I soon mastered—my tutors being no way backward in correcting me when they found me in error. Booksellers' windows, had specially strong attractions for me, particularly those which were well decorated with story books and pictures. Oh, that I could by an act of will have turned one other leaf of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Red Riding Hood," or "Whittington and his Cat!" But even as it was, these intellectual treats detained me so long, that I had to run home with all my might and swallow my meals—no very difficult task—with no less rapidity, in order to get to my work before the expiration of the hour, and thus escape the customary flagellation. One bookseller, in particular, near the Cross, kept in his window a continual display of scripture engravings, which excited my youthful admiration and curiosity not a little. There was David in the act of smiting Goliath, with the host of Israel under a perfect forest of spears and banners, and the Philistines in full retreat in the back ground. Then there was the raising of Lazarus, the finding of Moses, &c., all which stories, I was agreeably surprised to learn, formed part of the Bible, and which my mother was kind enough to read to me, to my no small gratification. About this time, I fell in with a treasure, in the shape of an old school book, containing amongst other stories, a few of Æsop's Fables, which, besides being easily read, were very amusing. By these means, I soon became a tolerably good reader, excepting my pronunciation, which was very deficient.

"Reading being now my chief source of enjoyment, I devoured almost everything that came before me in the

shape of a book, which, I have no doubt, went a considerable way to counteract the blighting influences of the tobacco work. But Providence was kind enough to release me from this school of impurity, by means of a fever which I took, just as my father was recovering from the same. I was taken to the infirmary, where I was soon followed by my mother. She took the fever, I have no doubt, through anxiety and fatigue. Being but slightly affected, I was soon removed to the recovery ward, where I devoted my time to reading the Bible—the only book we had. I was also greatly amused, and not a little instructed by my fellow-patients,—some of whom were old soldiers, and no way backward in narrating their adventures. I very soon got better, and returned home, but my mother recovered slowly, not being able to leave her bed for many weeks after she came home. My eldest sister took the fever a little after, of which she died. I was little affected at the time, but afterwards I felt very lonely without her. It is not the first time I have stood at the Abbey gate,—[he was still at Paisley]—within which she lies buried, and cried till I felt both hoarse and heartsore. I was now suffered to remain at home, where I filled the united offices of message boy and maid-of-all-work to the family—consisting of my parents, my sisters, an infant brother, and myself—my mother being necessitated to work along with my father, who had now plenty of work on his own account.

But this prosperity did not continue: the family removed to a country town in the South, and James became a herd:

“I was engaged to a farmer, two miles distant from our village, to herd his cows during the six weeks of harvest.



On my arrival at the house, I was regaled with some potatoes and float-whey, and then sent out with the cows—about sixteen in number—the old farmer accompanying me, to show me the marches, or boundaries, of the farm. In order to test my capabilities for the office, he made me leap over ditches, run up and down steep declivities, &c., the which feats, it would appear, were executed to his entire satisfaction, for he addressed me in these remarkable words, —“ An t’ou be’s a guid herd, I’ll gie thee a bit saxpence to thy fairin’ noos an’ tans.” He had no sooner left me, than I began to display my activity, and ignorance of my profession at the same time, by driving the cows across the farm, as if I were proceeding to a market to sell them, when I was startled by the shrill voice of the farmer’s wife, commanding me, in no very pleasing tones, to “let the kye alane, callan’, an’ no keep them frae their meat.” She, then, in somewhat softer tones, gave me to understand that herding consisted of unwinking vigilance, rather than of activity; that the cows were to be left to the freedom of their own will, except when they attempted to go in among the growing corn, or trespass on other people’s land—habits, by the bye, to which they were very much addicted—in the event of which, my legs and lungs would require to be put in speedy locomotion. Of course this did not altogether come up to my ideas of herding, and a life of listlessness and monotony was to me no very pleasant prospect. Next day being Sabbath, I had a visit from my father, who left with me an old Bible, which, in order to while away the time, I determined to read from Genesis to Revelation, and, by that time, I was sure the term of my engagement would be at an end, being at the most, only about six weeks. The turnpike road leading to Glasgow passed through the whole length of my beat, at the side of

which I was to be found more than anywhere else, for this reason, that gentlemen, and sometimes lady pedestrians, passing by, and seeing me so eager at my Bible, often stopped to converse with me, and give me a word or two of commendation and encouragement, accompanied by a penny, or a handful of lozenges. Now, it was not to be expected that such a golden opportunity of displaying my piety should be lost, and the consequence was, that when a traveller hove in sight, I was sure to be in my place, and eagerly poring over my Bible. But this state of things was too good to last.

. . . . .

A succession of changes was closed by an engagement on a sheep-farm :

"I hired myself to a sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, to take care of a portion of his sheep, and a dozen queys. I liked this situation exceedingly well. From the hill-top, I had a wide and varied landscape to contemplate, consisting of nearly the whole parish on the one side, and about a dozen miles of mountainous moorland on the other. But what I most prized was the amount of freedom I enjoyed from my having so large a field to traverse, so that, with my dog for my assistant, my office was almost a sinecure. My literary companions, at this time, were Bunyan's Visions of Heaven and Hell, which made a very deep impression on my mind ; and a School Collection, containing, among other pieces, Blair's Grave, and the Hermit, by Parnell, with extracts from Milton, Shakspeare, and Addison, &c., which, whilst I perused, I often wondered whether I should ever have the good fortune to peruse the works of which they formed a part. I also received an odd volume of

Roman history, and a bundle of Wilson's Border Tales, which I read with untiring interest.

. . . . .

But James got tired of agriculture and sheep-watching. Here is the closing scene of his bucolic existence:—

“My mistress was rather an amiable lady, and no less intelligent. Being a great reader herself, she saw and understood my passion for books, and kindly ministered to the same by allowing me the use of those she possessed, of which my favourite, and hers no less, was the *Spectator*. This I read on rainy days, when field work was impracticable, and which I greatly enjoyed. But this was a great eye-sore to my master, who set his wits to work on such occasions to procure me work in-doors. By and by, the hay-cutting season came on, and it being my first season at such work, I entered upon it with great ardour. I wrought very hard, and, being but a raw youth, I felt myself very inadequate to the task. I got thoroughly disgusted with the work, and one morning, at breakfast time, I threw down my scythe, resolved never to take it up again, and I kept my word. After breakfast, I slipped into the barn, from which I ascended by a ladder to the stable loft, where there was a heap of old straw, into the very heart of which I burrowed my way, and lay down to rest my weary frame and arrange my plans for the future. I determined to leave my situation at all hazards. I knew that in so doing I would forfeit my wage, but I was resolved to make an effort to save my wardrobe, no easy matter, for they were locked up in my chest, and that was up in the garret already alluded to, the stair of which was right over the bed of my *master* and mistress. Turning this difficulty over in my

mind, I was startled by hearing the voice of my master down below in the barn, in earnest conversation with another member of the family. Their subject of discourse, I could soon learn, was myself. Both wondered where I could have gone to, as no one had seen me leave the house. In reply to a question of his, the other said that my chest was locked, and from the weight of it, it did not appear that I had taken any of my clothes with me. After they left, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not wake till they were putting in the cows, about ten o'clock at night. About twelve all was quiet, from which I argued that the family was in bed. To make sure, I waited for another hour, when I got up from my straw, and determined to attempt the rescue of my goods. The chief danger was the opening of so many doors. There was first the one leading from the barn to the byre—the whole length of which I had to traverse between two rows of cows—then there was the one leading from the byre to the dairy, and another from the dairy to the kitchen, and last, but not least in importance, the one at the foot of the garret stair; all of which I opened with the utmost caution, especially the latter. I ascended the critical stair as noiselessly as a ghost, stole along the loft, passed the bed where the two sons lay, but they were mere boys, consequently in little danger of being disturbed. I opened my chest, and took out my clothes, which I had previously made up in four bundles. I saw it would be impossible to take them all at once without rubbing the sides of the wooden staircase, and so awaken my enemies; so I came off with two, which I managed to convey to the barn in safety. Emboldened by the success of my first voyage, like Columbus, I ventured on a second. I completed the remaining part of my perilous task with equal success, but my heart palpitated

at no small rate when, in the act of crossing the kitchen on my return, the old gentleman turned himself in the bed, and gave a faint grunt, to my no small consternation. I did not wait to close the doors behind me, but hastened with all speed to the barn, where I stripped off my working clothes and put on my best. Having tied the former up in a bundle and otherwise prepared myself for the road, I began to experience the cravings of a rather sharp appetite, having tasted nothing since breakfast-time the day before; the only means of satisfying which, within my power, was a tubful or two of sweetmilk standing on the barn floor. To this I applied myself, and drank as much as I was able, the most copious draught, I believe, I ever took in my life. I now addressed myself to my journey; I reached my father's house about four in the morning, but knowing the step I had taken would not meet with his approval, I did not ask admission, but merely left my working clothes and hobnailed boots at the door. I set out on the road for Edinburgh.

. . . . .

Applications for situations not succeeding in the Metropolis, his grandfather, with whom he was staying,—

“Proposed that I should learn the tailor business, and work along with himself, till he could procure me a proper master. So that, setting-to with a will, I, in a very short time, rendered myself of considerable value to him. Meanwhile, letters had arrived from my father requesting me to return to my old master, or, if I preferred to learn a trade, to come west and he would engage me to a mason; but I determined to stick to the trade I had adopted. Ever since I had read the *Spectator*, my mind had been teeming with

ideas ; the mental crucible into which so many ingredients had been cast and fused, began to boil over, but I had no vessel at hand in which to mould and preserve them. In other words, up to this time I could not write my own name ; when such an act became absolutely necessary, I put down a X, followed by 'James Nicolson, his mark,' in another person's hand. To obviate this great difficulty, I got my kind relative to set me a copy of the written letters of the alphabet, so that, by great industry, I managed to write in a way, though not very legibly I must confess. At my father's request, I returned to my native village, and commenced work with a firm for which he acted as foreman. I got on rapidly with my profession, and was soon able to do the work of an ordinary hand, though at a greatly inferior wage.

About this time, he says :—

"I began to pour out my thoughts in verse, and very sorry verses they were, but they pleased me at the time, and stimulated me to continue the pleasing task. One of these productions—which chanced to be of a religious nature—so pleased me that I sent it to a magazine entitled the *Christian Journal*, of which the Rev. Mr Beckett was then editor. When the next number came out the following appeared in 'Notices to Correspondents : '—'Some verses sent us by a friend in A— have fallen out of sight. Would the author favour us with another copy ? ' Of course he did send another copy, greatly altered and amended, too much so it would seem, for I never saw any more of them. Once more, I tried my fortune with the same magazine, and with unexpected success, for the new number contained my verses, with the following notice on the cover :—' Our first poetical contribution for this month

merits a note of introduction. After reading verses containing so much true poetic fancy, the reader will be surprised to learn that the author is so far deficient in literary attainments, that scarcely a line of his MSS. but required some orthographical correction. We say this to J. N.'s credit, and for the encouragement of others." The following were the verses in question:—

TO A CHILD GAZING ON THE STARRY HEAVENS.

CHILD of all loveliness, emblem of purity !

Innocent, tell me at what dost thou gaze ?

Thy soul, like the seer's, seems wrapt in futurity ;

Lovely thou art, 'neath the moon's pallid rays.

Say, art thou tracing the course of yon milky way,

Stretching afar o'er an emerald sea ?

How can the blaze of the star-studded canopy

Fill with delight a sweet infant like thee ?

Still thou art gazing with childish intensity !

Say, art thou watching each bright little star

Threading its way o'er the plains of immensity,

And casting on thee its sweet smile from afar ?

Why does the heavenly smile frisk o'er thy rosy cheek ?

Why art thou straining thy bright-beaming eye ?

Are angels engaging thee with conversation sweet ?

Dost thou, white-robed ones, yonder descry ?

Art thou enraptured, beholding their seats of bliss,

Searching out there thine own future abode ?

Yes, thou'rt in ecstasy ; fain would'st thou fly from this

To the Eternal, thy Father, and God !"

. . . . .

The ripple of the village fame created by this success was still visible, when I was called to reside in the same village. I have already traced his progress in poetry from this time onward, and there are only a few more quotations which would be of service here. It was now 1843, and James had reached his majority. He got married, set up in business for himself, and confesses, that his business prospects were anything but good. To compensate for his sorrow in this direction however, a new world opened itself for his mind. He began to study botany:—

“I began with a Family Herbal, containing coloured plates of the most of our native wild plants, which enabled me, without much difficulty to find out the originals. The pleasure I derived, and still continue to enjoy, in the prosecution of this subject, it would not be easy to describe. A friend of mine, who is also an enthusiastic naturalist, accompanied me in my field excursions, which added not a little to my progress. In a short time, we had mastered all the plants in our neighbourhood within a circuit of eight miles, a distance which we thought nothing of travelling, in order to procure a new specimen. I remember going all alone nearly twice that distance to see the scarlet pimpernell, the favourite flower of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymer. Indeed working men have no idea of the amount of pleasure they deprive themselves of by their inattention to this and kindred studies.

“In the year 1849, Mr Cassell of London started a periodical entitled ‘The Working Man’s Friend,’ in the pages of which he made known to the world, his magnanimous in-



tention of bestowing a great and lasting boon on those, among the working classes, who possessed a literary taste, in the shape of a supplementary number to be published monthly, to be wholly devoted to the productions of working men. For the which productions, when found suitable, he agreed to give books to the amount of 5s for every page of letterpress taken up by such productions. I, like many others, hailed this as a golden opportunity for working men. The first article sent by me was entitled 'The Poor Man's Treasures.' For this article I, after a time, received two copies of Longfellow's Poems. I sent him another article of the same style, entitled 'Winter Suggestions,' and received other 5s worth of books, but of my own selection this time. I afterwards sent other three small pieces, which were all accepted, and appeared in the 'Friend.' But the fountain of book-wealth became suddenly dry. No more payment arrived. Some time after this, I, with the concurrence of a reverend friend, got up a speculation of my own, consisting of a small volume of poems, comprising my fugitive pieces scattered throughout the various magazines. But like nine out of every ten of such projects, it proved a failure—in other words, it fell from the press still-born. I sent copies of it to various publications for notice, only one of which deigned to notice it. However, with what I received from my subscribers, together with a prize I received for an essay on the 'Capacity of the Working Man to Improve his Character and Circumstances,' I managed to defray the expenses of publication.

"Nothing particular occurred in my history up to 1853, when, hearing by chance that a tailor was wanted for a public institution in Glasgow, I applied for the same, and through the kind recommendation of one of the directors, I

was accepted; in which situation I still remain. Since then, I have employed the most of my leisure time in the study of geology, to which I was led by hearing a lecture delivered in a church one evening, and which the lecturer made very interesting by a good collection of minerals and drawings of geological phenomena. This opened up to me a new and very extensive field of discovery, in which I was aided not a little by my previous knowledge of natural history. I pursued with avidity some of the best works I could procure on the subject, including those of Lyell, Owen, Bakewell, Richardson, and our own Hugh Miller. I at the same time, to put my knowledge in practice, made a survey of my native district in order to determine the character of its formation. In some of the localities, I found some very interesting fossils, mostly belonging to the lower carboniferous beds; the names of which, and the genera to which they belonged, I determined by the help of "Knight's English Cyclopædia," and by a few visits to the Andersonian Museum, and that of the Geological Society, during the few days it was in Glasgow last year. I think it would be a great boon to the working men of this city, if such places were open at all seasons at a small charge. As an instance of the pleasures to be derived from a slight knowledge of this science, I may state that during a walk a few miles out of town one day last summer, I fell in with an old quarry in the neighbourhood, into which I descended out of mere curiosity. The rock consisted of a bed of coarse flag-stones, intersected by a bed of shale, groping among the debris of which, I discovered a small slab, with a great many clear spots scattered over it. These I soon recognised as fish scales, and looking still more narrowly among the shale, I found the greater portion of a fossil fish, with some portions of what appeared to be fir cones.

Hastening home with my treasures, I found by referring to my books that the rocks in which I found them must be a portion of the tertiary formation, from the nature of the fossils. Nor was I aware till then, that any hard rock of tertiary origin existed in the neighbourhood. For the last ten months my leisure moments have been mostly employed in the construction of an epic poem, the subject of which is Man, in his relation to the Past, the Present, and the Future."

Mr Nicolson is still in the employment of the public institution referred to, and, I have reason to know, he is highly esteemed by its Directors. Portions of the poem on which he was at work, at the time he wrote the Autobiography, appeared in the *Scottish Guardian*. But they did not impress me in the same way, as the humble lyrics and Scottish tales, which make up this volume.

It would not be proper for me to tell here what I know of my friend's life-struggles. They are such as would have driven men of less principle to the bottle. I believe they drove him closer to God and poetry. Shut out by his circumstances from the opportunities and the learning, the quiet comforts and privileges which wealth confers, there was opened for him, by his beneficent Father, an ideal world. Here, amid the visions and songs of his own heart, with occasional forays into the beauty of external nature, he is spending a life, whose level is far up beyond the reach of his circumstances, and which contains for him an inner well of bliss which riches could neither give nor take away.

“The Curse of Kilwuddie” is a temperance tale. Mr Nicolson has been, from his earliest manhood, a firm and zealous abstainer. In undertaking the republication of this poem, the Scottish Temperance League is doing a service at once to its own cause, and to one who may justly claim a place among its poets.

ALEXANDER MACLEOD.

John Street U. P. Church, Glasgow, 1863.



# KILWUDDIE.

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"Noo wha this simple tale shall read,  
Each man and mother's son tak' head."—BUNEA.

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## PART I.

### Auld Lang Syne.

HEARD ye e'er o' auld Kilwuddie?  
Ance a peacefu' market toun,  
For guid veal an' men o' study,  
Famous a' the kintra' roun'.

Whaur a burnie wimples bonnie,  
Roun' green knowes and hazel shaws,  
Owre grey rocks an' cascades mony—  
Whaur in snawy foam it fa's;

Syne thro' fern an' briery mazes—  
Joukin', dancin', haffins seen;  
Syne a howm a' white wi' daisies—  
Auld Kilwuddie's village green,—

Whaur in sunny days o' simmer,  
Dimpl'd han's an' arms are thrang,  
Bonnie lass an' winsome kimmer  
Dance the snawy suds amang.

O! to see them plump an' bonnie,  
Barefit trippin' owre the green ;  
Lips mair sweet than blabs o' honey—  
Cheeks o' crimson—an' sic een !

Houses white an' snodly theekit,  
Form'd Kilwuddie's ancient toon ;  
Lums o' turf that spew't an reekit,  
Curlin' to the lift aboon.

Nocht kent they o' architecture,  
Nocht o' Greek or Gothic schools ;  
E'en the manse—a modern structure—  
Had been built o' whunstane bools.

Gates an' lanes had they in plenty,  
Some ae story, ithers twa—  
Some were gleyd, some bow't's a shinty ;  
Rule o' thoom was a' their law !

Pride wi' them was ne'er a passion,  
Vanity as rare a sin ;  
What car'd they for ootward fashion,  
Sae that a' was bein within !

Auld Kilwuddie's ruin'd castle  
In the foregrun' stark an' grey,  
Lang wi' winter win's did wrestle ;  
In the backgrun' mountains lay.

Roun' the castle ran the burnie,  
'Mang the trees wi' mirthfu' din,  
Glancin' bricht at ilka turn aye,  
Till it tottl't owre the lin,

Ilka leaf an' floweret lavin'  
Doon the howm it wound its path,  
On a tryst to meet wi' Avon  
In Kilwuddie's flowery strath.

Famous were Kilwuddie weavers,  
For their courage, lear, and skill,  
Sin' they dang the bloody Clavers  
On the bog near Loudon Hill.

In that famous muir'an' battle  
Trooper loons gat mony a stog,  
When they fled like hunted cattle  
Owre the mosses o' Drumclog.

Once a feudal lord's dependants  
Clingin' to his castle wa's;  
Noo the hames o' their descendants  
Swarm like nests o' huddy craws.

No a pauper in the parish,  
Stent or taxes had they nane;  
Neither framert folk nor Erish  
'Mang them yet had refuge ta'en.

Ne'er was kent a thieving bodie  
Steal the guids o' rich or puir—  
No' a lock in a' Kilwuddie,  
Scarce a bar upon a door.

Ilka guidwife had her barrel  
Yerkit fu' o' guid ait meal;  
Once a-week bak'd mony a farrel  
O guid cakes an' scones as weel.



E'en puir weavers had their kebbocks—  
Crocks o' butter—whiles a ham,  
Sneeshen mills to feed their nebbocks  
Ilk ane's waistcoat pouch did cram.

A' the men folks gree't like brithers,  
Love an' frien'ship bore the bell ;  
When the bairns cuist out, their mithers  
Didna' flyte and fecht themsel'.

Syne at e'en, when owre wi' labour,  
Ilk ane sported on the green—  
Jumpit, ran, an' threw the caber  
Till the latest hour o' e'en.

When the winter nichts cam' dreary—  
Gaed to rockin's wi' their dames—  
Owre the fragrant cup sae cheerie  
Ca'd the crack, an' stuff'd their wames.

While the auld folk sat an' blether't,  
Oot o' sicht gaed rock and wheel ;  
To the floor the young one's gather't,  
To enjoy the blythsome reel.

Lasses a' weel hapt wi' druggit,  
Swang an' bobbit roun' an' roun' ;  
Facht when they were kiss'd or huggit,  
Till the sweat cam' hailin' doon.

Bloomers werena a' the rage then,  
Makin' lasses look like fools—  
See them noo ! ane would imagine  
They were movin' puddock stools ;—

Noo, wi' crinolines an' flounces,  
Like a man-o'-war full sail;  
Then, their stumpit linsey winceys  
Scarce had three breedes in the tail.

Buskit up wi' ribbons mony,  
Haffet locks did sweetly fa';  
Scarfs o' silken sheen sae bonnie  
Veil'd their heavin' breasts o' sna'.

When they tir'd o' mirth an' dancin',  
Turn aboot, they skirl't an' sang;  
Shafts o' love frae een flew glancin'—  
Some in nooks were courtin' thrang.

Thus the nichts gaed by like stourie,  
Till the steeple clock strak ten;  
Wha can kep the passing hourie?  
Earthly joys aye hae an' en'.

Nane gaed hame the waur o' nappy,  
Wives had then nae cause to blame;  
A' were sober, blythe, an' happy—  
Lads convoy'd their lasses hame.

Some nae doot whiles took a danner  
Doon the howm or roun' the lin,—  
Folks in love aye like to wan'er  
Neath the bonnie siller moon.

Seldom had a love transgression  
Been the scandal o' the place;  
Then, the black-stool o' the session  
Aye was reckon'd a disgrace.

## PART II.

**Kilwuddie Worthies.**

Let us name the village worthies !

First o' them comes Tailor Tam,  
Guid at theekin' farmer's hurdies  
An' devoorin' braxy ham.

Trowsers, then, were never thocht o',  
But knee breeks that shaw'd the legs ;  
Noo, when brans mankin' hae nocht o',  
They maun hide their shapeless pegs.

Tam could fit breeks to a hair breede ;  
Men' the auld an' mak' the new,  
Drink had ne'er gi'en him a sair head,  
To his board he stack like glue.

Miles on miles, o'er hill and heather,  
Late an' air' he toil't an' swat,  
Whiles for days an' weeks thegither,  
When he gaed to " whip the cat."

Sat aye by the kitchen winnocks—  
Wrocht an' whusl't a' day lang ;  
Barley scones to him, or bannocks—  
Kail or *cabbage*—nocht cam' wrang.

Syne at nicht wi' sangs an' stories  
Kept the house a' in a roar—  
Blam'd the Whigs an' curs'd the Tories :  
Tam the while *sat near the door*.\*

\* To sit near the door, in tailor's craft, signifies to take long stitches, so as to make up for lost time.

Better wife than Leezie never  
Wash'd a sark or scrubb'd a flair;  
Thriftie, shiftie, clean, and clever,  
Tosh'd her bairnies up wi' care.

Ance a farmer in a hurry  
Cam' to tryst some Sunday braws,  
Whilk put Leezie in a flurry—  
Tam was sewin' at the Hawse.

Leezie, wha'd her apprehensions  
Lest a customer shou'd tine,  
Vow'd tae tak' the chiel's dimensions,  
Spite o' rule or measurin' line.

On the floor she bade him saftly  
Lay him doon an' streek him weel,  
Syne doon ilka side she deftly  
Drew a score frae head to heel.

Folk leuch a' when they heard tell o't—  
Lasses blush'd an' said, "Fy shame!"  
Leezie, puir thing, saw nae ill o't—  
Saw nae whaur she'd been to blame.

But an' ben, leev'd Dan the souter,  
Sic a trade he drave in shoon;  
Kept twa men, forbye a clouter,  
Ne'er his like was roun' an' roun'.

Dan for years had been a wanter,  
Had twa dochters big an' braw,  
Wi' the young could joke and banter,  
Leuch the loudest o' them a'.

Rob the smith, for strength and stature  
Kent roun' a' the kintra side,  
Cur'd the ills o' cattle nature  
Frae the Irvine to the Clyde.

Nane wi' him wad risk a tumble,  
Like a horse-hoove was his paw;  
Couts wi' his ain han' could whommil,  
Horse shoon he could rive in twa.

Yet, a mair guid-natur'd bodie,  
Han' mair helpfu', frien' mair true,  
Ne'er blew bellows in a smiddy—  
Won the hearts o' a' he knew.

Like his craft, guid yill he likit—  
Smiths were aye a drouthy crew—  
In his throat some spark had skytit,  
No that Robin e'er gat fou'.

Usqueba, they never keepit,  
Far frae ony whisky still,  
Whiles a pickle maut they steepit  
When they made a cask o' yill.

Pate Macfarlane wi' his fiddle  
Play't at a' the waddin's roun'.  
Till his howdie wife, Meg Riddell,  
Ae nicht brak' it owre his croon.

Maggie was a raxin' carlin',  
Stood near twa ell in her shoon;  
While her spousie, Pate Macfarlane,  
Jimply measur'd four feet ane.

Whether 'twas her length inspired him,  
Or her breadth, let savans tell,  
Aiblins 'twas her gear that fir'd him,  
Pate nae doot kent best himsel' !

Maggie glowr't at sic ambition  
In a droich o' four feet ane,  
Syne thocht o' her lane condition,  
"Better sma' fish far than nane."

Neist their pastor, reveren' bodie !  
Bow'd wi' years, his locks like sna',  
Had been settl'd in Kilwuddie  
Half a century years an' twa.

Few wi' him could preach a sermon,  
Few sae fervent in their prayer —  
Could ilk kittle text determine :  
Frae the kirk, folk miss'd him sair.

Nor to empty wa's he thun'ert,  
Folk cam' aye in croods to hear ;  
Sinfu' sauls gaed hame dumfoun'ert,  
Firm resolv'd to sin nae mair.

Ten lang miles he wad ha'e ridden  
To a bodie in distress ;  
His was ne'er a talent hidden,  
A' his aim mankin' to bless.

But his helper, Tam Macmurdo.  
Wi' his papish airs an' pride,  
Scarce his pray'r ane heard a word o' :  
Him the hearers couldna' bide.

A' his doctrines were newfangl'd,  
Some said he was scant o' grace;  
Mony a fair discourse he mangl'd;  
Wi' his gapin' an' grimace.

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## PART III.

## Peerless Phoebe!

Snug, the manse lay in a hallow,  
A' but hid 'mang shelterin' trees;  
Twa guid parks in grass lay fallow,  
Whaur the pony graz'd at ease.

Like rich mines their wealth concealin'  
Frae the bonnie beams o' day,  
In that wood-embosom'd sheelin'  
Lang a priceless jewel lay.

Pearless Phoebe! his ae dochter  
Wi' the auld man leev'd alane,  
Gentle youths in scores had socht her,  
But she gied her heart to nane,

Surely he was half a prophet,  
Wha had nam'd the bonnie wean;  
Owre the lan' frae Nairn to Moffat  
Phoebe's like there wasna' ane.

In her face ye saw Aurora,  
In her step a regal queen;  
E'en the stars their licht did borrow  
Frae the lustre o' her een.

Ilka flow'ret in the garden  
 Simmer'd in her bonnie smiles ;  
 Bird an' beast her bounty shar'd in,  
 Ta'en wi' her bewitchin' wiles.

Nor wi' beauty sae uncommon  
 Was alane sweet Phœbe blest ;  
 A' the wealth o' love in woman  
 Lay enshrin'd within her breast !

An' hoo blest the favour'd wooer,  
 Be he cottar, be he king ;  
 E'en the priceless Koh-i-noor  
 Wadna sic a dowry bring !

Day an' nicht it was her study  
 Hoo to lessen folk's distress ;  
 In her visits to Kilwuddie,  
 Still an angel come to bless.

Phœbe thus in ilka dwellin'  
 Won the hearts o' auld an' young ;  
 When she left the peacefu' hallan,  
 Blessin's fell frae ilka tongue.

E'en the bits o' weaver callans,  
 When she pass'd, jump aff the loom ;  
 Ilk ane wad hae gi'en his balance  
 For ae blink bestow'd on him.

Was there no' in a' Kilwuddie—  
 Aiblins ye'll be askin' me—  
 Some Adonis, fair an' ruddy,  
 That could please the lassie's e'e ?



Ane there was, o' humble station,  
Worshipp'd her baith nicht an' day  
Wi' a poet's adoration,  
Yet a word o't wadna say.

Lo'ed the trees that wav'd aboon her—  
Lo'ed the turf her footsteps press'd—  
E'en the flowers that blush'd aroun' her  
To his manly bosom prest.

Habbie Graham, the parish teacher,  
Was her father's protégé;  
Some day hope't to be a preacher,  
Tho' a humble dominie.

Thro' the kindness o' her faither,  
He had gotten muckle lear,  
Studied lessons lang's a tether  
Ilka hour he had to spare.

Still his brain grew mair rapacious—  
Books, like buns, he could devour;  
Turn'd ilk leaf wi' een voracious,  
Gart the folk a' roun' him glow'r.

Then sic stories he could tell, o'  
Douchty heroes lang syne dead;  
A' folk won'ert hoo the fallow  
Gat them a' into his head.

He could name ilk stane aroun' him—  
Kent the rock whaur ilk cam frae;  
Nam't ilk star that shone aboon him—  
Kent whaur a' the planets lay.

Socht the burn for stanes an' fossils,  
 Fill't the house wi' klokes an' flees,  
 Dry't the heads o' whins an' thrusles,  
 Kent the names o' plants an' trees.

Mair than a', it was reportit  
 He cou'd mak' a dainty sang ;  
 Nor in vain the muse he courtit,  
 Favours on his head she flang.

An' sin' time an' space are ample,  
 Here aboots I fain wad cram  
 Twa three verses for a sample,  
 Habbie made on Tailor Tam :—

“The Gaiters.”\*

The farmer by the ingle sat,  
 Tobacco clouds ejectin',  
 While by his lug sat Tailor Tam,  
 His auld black coat dissectin'.

For farmer's coats, like ither things,  
 Gae sadly oot o' fashion ;  
 But fashions are jist Satan's wiles,  
 And puir folk's ruination.

Tam soon declared it past his pow'r  
 To change its antique features ;  
 “But laird,” quo he, “I'll tell you what,  
 'Twill mak' a pair o' gaiters !”

\* I had this story from the farmer's own lips.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the laird,  
Wi' arm in air extendit;  
Sae doon the seams, wi' lichtnin's speed,  
The supple shears descendit.

The farmer's coat it seems had been  
A rival snip's creation,  
Wham Tam resolved that day to stab—  
At least, in reputation.

The farmer talk'd o' horse an' kye,  
Swine, stots, an' beasts o' burden;  
The rise o' wheat, what cheese wad bring—  
Tam scarce could get a word in.

He clip't awa as lang's he could,  
Till he could thole nae langer;  
Syne cried, "Sic doings! look guidman!  
A very sant 'twad anger;—

"Sic stuff! to put into a coat!  
Wha ever saw sic paddin'?  
Frae back to sye ilk breast is stuff'd  
Wi' clouts instead o' waddin'!

"The button-holes no' wrocht wi' twist!  
Nae stitchin' in the shouthers!  
The very red stuff in the neck  
Some auld cloak o' his mither's!

"The buttons burstin' thro' their hools,  
Jist bits o' airm red roostit;  
Nae won'er we by dacent folk  
Can hardly e'er be trustit!"

The simple farmer quick believed,  
An' got into a passion ;  
His staff he struck upon the floor,  
His een wi' fury flashin' !

Quo he, " Ere I be cheated sae,  
I'll lea' claes a' thegither,  
An' deck mysel' wi' cabbage blades,  
Like Eve, our ancient mither !"

That magic word gied Tam the hint,  
Wi' spite he grew mair savage ;  
Resolv'd ance mair to wound his foe,  
Though Tam himsel' lik'd *cabbage*.

" An' laird," quo he, " if that was a'--  
Ye ha'ena' heard the warst o't !  
He's cut yer coat wi' swallow tails  
To save himsel' a waistcoat !"

" Weel !" quo the laird, " let byganes be,  
The past can ne'er be mended ;  
I'll watch the loon for time to come ;"  
And sae his choler ended.

The day gaed past—the gaiters made,  
Weel brush'd an' set in order—  
Wi' pearl buttons up ilk side,  
An' stitch'd a' roun' the border.

The clock struck eight, the supper hour ;  
The parritch graced the table—  
The servin' lads an' lasses were  
Ca'd in frae byre an' stable.

The auld man waits to say the grace,  
Tam thro' the house is marchin' ;  
"What hae ye lost?" cries ane; quo Tam,  
"It's for my coat I'm searchin'."

Syne up they gat, socht but an' ben,  
A'boot the house an' round it;  
Strange whispers pass'd frae lug to lug,  
Tam stood like ane confoundit.

"My guid black coat! whaur can it be?  
The auld folks glowr't in wonder,  
The young were snirtin' in their sleeves—  
Tam's broo grew black as thunder.

At length the laird cries, "Wha's aucht this?  
Mine! no! 'twas cut to tatters;  
Unless—unless! he's ta'en his ain,  
And made it into gaiters?"

"My ain?" quo Tam—his cheeks wi' shame  
Like steaks upon a brander—  
"Ay yours, ye loon! an' ser's ye weel,  
For a' yer ill-tongued slander."

Tam couldna' speak, but frae the house  
He dartit like a bullet;  
An' to this day the farmer's coat  
Sticks sairly in his gullet.

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## PART IV.

*The Gloamin' Meetin'.*

Wha kens what strange things may happen,  
Whaur a blister yet may light?  
Could lass see a youth sae strappin',  
An' no' feel her heart grow licht?

For to lo'e (nae doubt) was heinous,  
Ane sae penniless as he;  
Wealth to her was nocht to genius—  
Wealth to worth should yield the gree!

Surely she was second sightit!  
Wi' a woman's witchin' art,  
Saw the lad, tho' blate an' frichtit,  
Wore her image in his heart.

When his visits grew mair seldom,  
Weel she kent the reason why;  
Phoebe brawly could hae tell't him  
What made him sae blate an' shy.

Books she sent the lad, in plenty—  
Books whiles lover's thochts can tell;—  
Weel the pawky fairy kent aye  
He wad bring them back himsel'!

When he cam', like simmer roses  
Cam' the blushes to her cheek;  
Strange, that love in looks discloses  
What the heart whiles daurna speak.

Then sae maidenly an' gracefu'  
Phoebe led him by the han'  
To her books ;—a muckle pressfu'  
In her cozy room did stan'.

There, like ony lovin' sister,  
Did her best the youth to please—  
Habbie soon forgat his fluster,  
Felt himsel' grow mair at ease.

Then she gat him on his hobby—  
Show'd a foreign butterfly ;  
Syne she brocht him frae the lobby  
Branches aff a fossil tree.

Talk'd o' mugworts, mints, an' mosses,  
Bindweeds, bedstraea, burrs, and birns,  
Algaes, orchids, reeds, an' grasses,  
Starworts, stitchworts, docks, an' ferns ;

Monogynias, an' monandrias  
She could screed him by the ell ;  
Anthers, umbels, an' octandrias,  
Siccan' names ye ne'er heard tell.

Thus the time gaed by like winkie,  
Hours to minutes dwindled doon ;  
Still ilk smile an' bonnie blinkie  
Gied his heart anither stoun'.

But ae bonnie simmer gloamin',  
In the glen beneath the manse—  
Bees owre bank an' brae were roamin'—  
Hab an' Phoebe met by *chance*.

She had come some plants to gather ;  
He, to seek some unco stane ;  
First they talk'd aboot the weather—  
Baith, nae doot, were unco ta'en.

Habbie help't her owre the burnie,  
Fed wi' dew an' simmer rain ;  
Took her hand at ilka turn aye,  
While she stap'd frae stane to stane !

While he pu't the crimson heath peas,  
Phoebe on a bank o' thyme  
Sat her doon to gather heart's-ease,  
For sic flowers were in their prime.

While behint her Habbie lingers,  
Wi' the trailin' flowers o' heath,  
Quickly wi' his nimble fingers  
Wove for her a queenly wreath.

Breathlessly syne bending o'er her,  
Press'd it roun' her temples fair ;  
Syne upon his knees before her,  
A' his love tale did declare.

Phoebe nae doot glowr'd in won'er,  
Still she didna tak' the gee—  
Didna' cleed her brow wi' thun'er,  
Nor into a passion flee ;—

Rather like a bonnie flow'ret,  
Droopin' on its slender stem,  
On his breast the while she cowerit,  
Blushin' own'd a kindred flame.



Owre them baith in rich profusion  
Phœbe's hair cam' flichterin' doon—  
Nicht, to hide her sweet confusion,  
Kindly drew her mantle roun'.

Frae a scene sae blest an' holy  
Wha wad ruthless lift the veil?  
Theirs was love unmix'd wi' folly—  
A' that lovin' hearts can feel.

Hoo he press'd her lips o' honey,  
Hoo he drank her balmy breath,  
I nicht tell ye, but I winna—  
Rest God's blessin' on them baith!

In the dim licht, ilka feature  
O' the landscape seem'd mair fair;  
Steep'd in rapture seem'd a' nature,  
Sweet an' balmy was the air.

But the hours will bide for nae ane;  
Time flew owre them like a bird;  
Stars thro' the blue lift cam' strayin'—  
Hameward low'd the distant herd.

Boomin' thro' the hazy distance  
Stole Kilwuddie's ten-hours' bell;  
Thus recall'd to real existence,  
Up they rose an' left the dell.

Owre an' owre their troth they plichtit—  
Vow'd to ither to be true,  
Till by Hymen's tapers lichtit,  
To the nuptial nest they flew;—

Laid their plans a' for the future :  
First she'd win her faither's ear,  
Tell hoo Habbie was her suitor—  
For the rest she didna fear. -

Habbie soon wad aff to college—  
Nicht an' day toil like a Turk ;  
Cram his head wi' ilka knowledge—  
Be licensed, syne get a kirk.

Thus they met, an' thus they partit,  
Habbie happier than a king ;  
Lauchin', daffin', an' licht heartit,  
Like twa birdies on the wing.

Like the sun on simmer mornin',  
Love mak's a' our future bricht,  
Hicht an' how alike adornin'—  
Flegs awa' the shades o' nicht.

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## PART V.

### *The Village Belle.*

'Mang the village population  
There was ane maun grace my tale ;  
For her beauty and flirtation  
Bell was kent owre hill an' dale.

Bella had a queenly figure—  
Saft blue e'en and sunny hair—  
Tall an' strappin', nane gaed trigger  
In their dress, to kirk or fair.

Cupid lurk'd in ilka feature,  
An' her jokes gaed aff like squibs,  
Gart yer heart whene'er ye met her  
Dunt against yer very ribs.

Bell at least had fifty wooers,  
But the jaud was ill to please ;  
Weavers, wanters, lairds, an' feuars,  
Flock'd aroun' the house like bees.

At ilk haddin' in the kintra  
She was still the reignin' queen ;  
E'en the wealthy lairds an' gentra  
Felt the glamour o' her een.

Lasses a' should stick to ae ane,  
Sae folk said o' bonny Bell ;  
But she wad be tied to nae ane—  
Wad be mistress o' hersel'.

Jamie Bletherim was precentor,  
Like a lintie, sang as clear ;  
But gat roupit aye in winter,  
Sae he sang jist half the year.

Still his wee bit penny stipen'  
Aye gat keepin' to himsel' ;  
Yet when a' the rest were sleepin',  
Had to rise an' ring the bell.

Last I'll name in a' Kilwuddie,  
Him wha kin'ly haps us a' ;  
Maist as usefu' as the howdie—  
Tearin', swearin' Johnnie Law !

Hoo he used to chase the younkers  
Frae his yard wi' sticks an' stanes,  
When they sat upon their hunkers,  
Glowrin' at the lang shank banes.

Lay the kirkyard green an' bonnie  
On a hill aboon the toon,  
Whaur in mounds an' humplocks mony  
Lay the dead a' sleepin' soun'.

Whaur aneath the clear blue heaven,  
Wi' the dead a' roun' my feet,  
Mony a day I've watch'd the leevin'  
Wanderin' up Kilwuddie street.

Scarce ye'd see a finer picture—  
E'en an artist's e'e nicht please :  
First the castle like a spectre  
Rises grimly owre the trees.

Like a spectre, still confrontin'  
Lichtnin's bolt an' winter's blast—  
Like a spectre, ever pointin'  
Frae the present to the past.

In the howe, Kilwuddie sleepin'  
In her robe o' rokely grey ;  
In the solemn, quiet keepin'  
O' a Scottish Sabbath day.

Yonder like a thread o' siller,  
Avon's bonnie waters glance,  
There the mill o' Mac, the miller,  
Yon the kirk, an' that the manse.

Far'awa' the hill o' Loudon,  
Frownin' owre his craigie wa';  
Fields a' roun' wi' harvest gowden—  
To the left, Kype's waterfa'.

But the charms o' a' creation,  
E'en the sweets o' Eden's yard,  
Wi' a virtuous population  
Canna ever be compar'd

A' were pious, leal, and sober,  
In Kilwuddie's peacefu' toon,  
Till STRONG DRINK, like midnicht robber,  
Stole the jewels frae her croon.

O that sic braw times had lastit  
Thro' a lang millennial year!  
But her prospects a' were blastit—  
Hoo it happen't ye shall hear.

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## PART VI.

### *The Curse.*

Like the cloudy panorama,  
Flittin' owre the placid moon,  
Life is but a shiftin' drama—  
Ilka day some change brings roun'.

By an' by, the trade in cottons  
Gied the weavers sic a lift,  
Guineas grew as rife as buttons,  
Siller flew like winter drift.

Arkwright, wi' his spinnin' jennies,  
Dang oor grannies to the wa',  
A' to cleed ootlandish queanies,  
Far in heathen lands awa'.

Wabs cam' to the toon in plenty ;  
I've heard weavers say mysel',  
'Stead o' ane ye could get twenty,  
Some at half-a-croon the ell.

Quarrymen flang doon their barrows,  
Sweeps wash'd frae their face the coom,  
E'en the farmers left their harrows,  
A' to get upon the loom.

Soon the place was fill'd wi' strangers,  
Guid an' ill a' roun' did flock,  
Gaberlunzies, tramps, an' rangers,  
A' to get a "stan'en stroke."

Syne cam' tradesmen, butchers, bakers ;  
Shops sprang up like puddock stools—  
Drapers, grocers, mantu-makers,  
Ane to sell Kilmarnock cools.

Syne cam' ane—the mair's the pity !—  
Liquid ruin to dispense—  
Drink ! the bane o' toon an' city—  
Source o' crime an' indigence !

Cam' as ance to flowery Eden,  
Ere our guileless parents fell,  
Auld King Clooty, pechen—laden  
Wi' the poison'd shafts o' hell.

Ane wha'd kept a whisky tavern,  
Far awa' 'mang bawds an' knaves—  
Ane wha sent folk, doilt an' davern,  
Downward gaspin' to their graves!—

Took a shop in auld Kilwuddie,  
Hung a braw new painted sign,  
Tellin' ilka simple body  
He selt whisky, yill, an' wine.

Wha on earth has pow'r to license  
Man to work sic fell mischief?  
As weel nicht we mak' conditions  
Wi' the murderer or thief!

Folk at first gaed in wi' caution,  
Jist to crack an' taste the yill,  
But it soon grew a' the fashion  
Ilk ane roun' should stan' his gill.

Neebors here met lown an' couthie  
Owre the glass o' mountain dew;  
While they drank, they grew mair drouthy,  
Till they a' gat roarin' fou'.

Mair an' mair they grew loquacious,  
A' their tongues did wag at ance;  
Some grew funny, some grew furious,  
Some wad fain be up to dance.

Won'rin' what could hae come owre them,  
Wives rose neist an' took the gait;  
Tell't hoo lang they'd waited for them,  
Hoo the nicht was wearin' late.

Sichts they saw to mak' them scunner;  
Some lay snorin' 'mang their feet;  
Wives, puir bodies, glowr't in won'er,  
Scarce kent whilk to lauch or greet.

Lauch, sweet dears! nae doot it's funny  
When a man to ruin rins;  
While the comb lasts, sip the honey,  
By an' by ye'll change yer tunes!

Mornin' comes! wi' drouth they're bockin',  
A' in fire seems heart an' brain;  
Nocht on earth the fire will slocken,  
But the auld thing owre again.

Like the law homœopathic,  
That whilk kills they tak' to cur';  
Thus gaes on the cursed traffic,  
Whisky! whisky! evermair!

Ne'er was heard sic mirth an' daffin',  
Ne'er were men folks made sic fools;  
Lasses held their sides wi' lauchin',  
Till they coupit aff their stools.

Sic gilravagin' an' sportin's  
In the place, was ne'er heard tell;  
Queer mishaps an' sad misfortunes,  
Whiles to mair than ane befell.

Nor alane in big Jock Gemmell's,  
Sat they doon to drink galore;  
But at hame they took their rambles,  
An' for days kept up the splore.



Ilka guidwife, her doon-lyin'  
Hansell'd wi' the barley bree,  
Owre ilk wab an' harness tyin'  
Shopmates met to haud the spree.

Ilka guidwife, honest bodie !  
Held that drinkin' was a sin ;  
Still, a wee drap made in toddy  
Sooth'd the nerves an' brak' the win'.

Lasses blate an' unco laithfu',  
Had to be sæ coax'd at first ;  
By an' by they whip'd their toothfu',  
Synè were reckon'd past the warst.

Past the warst ? no feth ! but rather  
A' the warst had yet to come ;  
Black the storm had yet to gather—  
Ills on ills, a countless sum.

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## PART VII.

### *The Mishaps o' Whisky.*

When to bed gaed Nelly Gowdie,  
Bent on increase o' her kin',  
Fast her spouse ran for the howdie  
To attend his fruitfu' vine.

Weel prepar'd wi' jars o' whisky,  
A' the neebors were ca'd in ;  
A' gat blythemeat, a' gat frisky,  
Till the nicht rang wi' their din.

A' gat fou', e'en Maggie Riddell,  
Wha at least should been the last,  
Through the house could scarcely widdle,  
Syne asleep fell snorin' fast.

Hoo they drank an' wat their wizens—  
Hoo they hame gat nane can tell;  
She wha brocht hame folk in dizens  
Had to be fetch'd hame hersel'.

An' when hame at length she wauchel'd,  
To undress she ne'er began,  
But into the bed she sprauchel'd,  
Swith beside her wee gudeman.

An' the story gaed, she neither  
Cuist her stockin's nor her shoon;  
But ye ken an idle blether  
In a clachan sune gets win'.

At Jock Wabster's harness tyin',  
Drink gaed like a whisky still;  
A' were fou', while Jock was lyin'  
'Neath the loom dead drunk himsel'.

Sae jist at the screech o' mornin'  
Some ane's lamp had caught a thrum,  
Set the hale affair a burnin',  
Bleezin' like a smiddy lum.

Some for water roar'd out fiercely,  
Some gat up, but couldna' rin,  
Till o' Jock's new harness scarcely  
Thread or thrum was left behin'.

Yet, 'mid a' the din an' clatter,  
Jock himsel' lay sleepin' sound,  
Till 'mang sparks an' streams o' water,  
Hafflins smother'd, hafflins droon'd,—

Up he gat an' look'd sae curious,  
Wi' a face as red's a moon,  
Syne wi' rage ran swearin' furious,  
When he saw what had been dune.

On the braid road swith to ruin,  
Doonward, hellward ! on they drave :  
Tailor Tam an' Dan MacEwan  
Took to drinkin' like the lave.

Ae May mornin' in a flurry,  
Tailor Tam set aff to sew,  
Waddin' braws were in a hurry,  
But owre night he had been fou'.

His bit heed wi' bees a bizzin',  
Lav'd aye in ilk burnie near,  
While to cool his burnin' wizen  
Took sic wauchts o' water clear.

When he reach'd the farmer's hallan',  
Fever ragin' in his bluid,  
To commence his peacefu' callin'  
Wasna in a fittin' mood.

The guidwife, to hain her table,  
Spread a coverin' white as snaw,  
Syne as fast as he was able,  
Tam to shape the coat did fa'.

She beside him couthly crackin',  
Saw the bodie unco daiz'd,  
Brocht him milk his drouth to slocken—  
Tam the claith weel roos'd and prais'd.

Siccan claith! hear hoo it runted!  
Scarcely wad the sheers gae thro',  
Ne'er had been their edge sae blunted  
Since the day he coft them new!

Siccan claith! 'twad ne'er be worn thro';  
"Stop! quo she, "preserve us a'!  
Blast yer sheers! for they ha'e shorn thro'  
Table-coverin', claith, an' a'!"

Tam look'd sheepish as a collie,  
While his face grew het as fire;  
In his heart he curst his folly—  
Scarce could soothe the guidwife's ire.

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## PART VIII.

### *The Sunday Fair.*

Noo, the Sabbath wasna' keepit  
As the Sabbath used to be;  
At twal' hours their buns they steepit  
In Jock Gemmell's barley bree.

Lang syne, kirk-folk ate their farrels  
On some knowe ayont the toun;  
Noo, to Gemmell's kegs an' barrels  
Young an' auld gaed marchin' down.

Till the bell had gi'en owre ringin',  
Drave they at the foamin' yill;  
Some e'en when the psalms were singin'  
Roar'd oot for anither gill.

Ance they wad hae read their bibles—  
Slack'd their drouth wi' Eden's wine;  
Noo they crack'd o' horse an' stables,  
Craps an' markets, stots an' swine.

A' the house rang wi' their clangour,  
Like a fair wi' very din;  
Aye the house was gettin' thranger,  
As anither lot cam' in.

To provide accommodation,  
Jock, the loon, paid strict regard;  
Whiles maist half the congregation  
Sat an' fuddl't in his yard.

Ance a muirlan' farmer bodie—  
Wha till Monday morn's mirk hour,  
Guzzl'd at the reekin' toddy—  
Tint his gait gaun owre the muir;

Whaur the auld brig spans the Avon,  
On the ledge he laid him down;  
Hoarse below the flood was ravin',  
Came the spate doun big an' broun.

Wha upon a bed sae kittle,  
In his sober state wad sleep?  
By an' by oot owre the settle  
Swift he tumbled in the deep;

But when laverocks sweet an' clearly  
Sang the welcome o' the day,  
Lifeless in the mornin' early,  
On a flooded howm he lay.

Drink, for a', was nane negleckit—  
Jock grew rich, an' fat's a stirk ;  
Ilka day was mair respeckit,  
Was made *elder o' the kirk* !

Had it been o' pandemonium !  
Surely elder folks were scant ;  
Christian men are at a premium,  
When the deil becomes a saunt !

Woman's heart is sure a puzzle !  
Ne'er did happen ocht sae queer—  
Jock, the cause o' a' the guzzle,  
Won the heart o' Bella Weir.

A' the talk was noo o' Bella,  
Sune it gaed the kintra through,  
Jock was sic a walthy fallow,  
Bell wad be a leddy noo !

Like a pampered fish she'd waited,  
Lettin' nobler prey gae past,  
Till the deadly hook cam' baited  
Wi' a bloated worm at last.

Like the simmer's sun to nature,  
Sweet first love the young heart warms ;  
Bella ilka day grew sweeter,  
Fairer bloom'd her thousan' charms.

Puir thing! she was daft aboot him,  
Whilk soon lessen'd his regard;  
Auld folks syne began to doot him;  
Had puir Bella been mislear'd?

By an' by, the parish beauty  
On the street was seldom seen;  
Bella had forgot her duty!  
Ilk ane miss'd her on the green.

Nor alane on bonnie Bella  
Fell frail woman's warst disgrace;  
Mony mair were soon heard tell o'  
Baith within an' roun' the place.

Consternation seiz'd the session,  
Ae black stool wad never dae;  
A' they said was still nae lesson,  
Cam' new cases ilka day.

'Mang the lave for whisky swillin'  
Nane could equal Johnnie Law,  
Spent on drink his hin'most shillin',  
Sat ilk nicht till ane an' twa.

Ae day cam' a black procession  
Wi' a hearse to Johnnie's gate;  
Lang they rattl't for admission,  
Till they could nae langer wait.

Owre the wa' a laddie ventur'd,  
Search'd a' roun' wi' wistfu' e'e—  
Drew the bolt, syne in they enter'd,  
But o' Johnnie noch't could see.

'Mang the lang grass green an' bonnie,  
Whaur the yird lay in a heap,  
Drunk asleep lay Sexton Johnnie,  
In a grave near sax fit deep.

At his feet, a skull, lang dead, lay—  
In his bannet, farther ben,  
Lay a toom stoup, while his head lay  
Pillow'd on a coffin en'.

Ane roar'd doon wi' accents deeving,  
"Johnnie man! say, are ye dead?"  
Syne to try an' he were leevin',  
Shool't some yirth doon on his head.

Wi' an oath up Johnnie startit—  
Want o' wit was ne'er his crime—  
"Friens!" quo' he, "I hae departit  
Jist a wee thocht ere my time!"

This set a' the folk a lauchin',  
Johnnie ran to clean his face,  
While they lower't doon the coffin  
Snugly into Johnnie's place.

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## PART IX.

### Habbie's Disgrace.

Still the stream o' ill grows braider,  
Still the drouthy grow mair dry;  
No' for porter, yill, or cider;  
Whisky! whisky! a' the cry.



O, thou weary curse o' Scotlan'!  
Black befa' thee, madd'nin' drink!  
Sens't her best an' bravest totlin'.  
Owre perdition's fiery brink!

He wha made thee first was owre grit  
Surely wi' the powers o' hell—  
Maun at least ha'e got the secret  
Frae the evil ane himsel'.

O that men, immortal creatures,  
Left to choose 'tween weel an' woe,  
Should degrade their noble natures  
Wi' a vice sae curst an' low!

Wha possess'd o' sense an' reason  
Owre strong drink wad nichtly nod?  
Wha be guilty o' sic treason  
To his country an' his God?

Wha wad countenance an evil  
In oor hames works sic dismay?  
They wha dae sae help the deevil  
Souls immortal to betray!

Like bumbee skeps a' a bizzen,  
Drink-hows raise in ilka lane;  
'Stead o' ane there was a dizzen,  
But Jock Gemmell's was the main.

Syne a monkey chiel cam' prancin'  
Ilka nicht to Gemmell's ha',  
Whaur he held a schule for dancin'—  
Thus the young were led awa'.

Drink an' dancin' gang thegither ;  
Artfully was laid the snare ;  
Mony a puir heart-broken mither  
Rue't the day her bairns gaed there.

Syne the men grew politicians,  
Ilka nicht they read the news ;  
Bills discussed, an' signed petitions,  
When they werena' in the blues.

In the onward march o' science,  
Auld Kilwuddie wasna lame ;  
Some wi' noble self-reliance,  
'Mang the rest young Habbie Graham,

Startit a mechanic's meetin'  
In the session-clerk's ben-en' ;  
But philosophy to sweeten,  
They adjourned to Gemmell's den,

Whaur ilk lang an' loud oration  
Met wi' thunders o' applause ;  
Toddy lent sic inspiration  
To clear up auld nature's laws.

Nane gaed deeper in the wassail  
Than their chairman, Habbie Graham ;  
Tho' the joe o' Phœbe Cassell,  
Whiles he had to be ta'en hame !

Think ye a' this drucken revel  
Hadna' reach'd Miss Phœbe's ear ?  
Dark'nin' clouds o' comin' evil  
Fill'd her bodin' heart wi' fear !

Mony lovin' hints she gied him,  
Show'd his danger e'en wi' tears,  
But the lov'd ane didna' heed them,  
Aye he kiss'd awa' her fears ;

Till ae nicht he cam' before her,  
Wi' the freedom o' a sot ;  
Phœbe shrank frae him in horror,  
Modesty he'd clean forgot !

To her cheeks, the bluid gaed flushin',  
Syne to deadly white they turn'd,  
Grief within her heart was gushin',  
While her e'en like candles burn'd.

"Halbert rise ! this instant lea' me !  
Never let me see thy face !  
While I leeve, I winna see thee,  
Till ye've rued this black disgrace !

"Ance I'm wed, deceiv'd I may be,  
Love may change to cauld neglect ;  
But the man wha marries Phœbe  
Maun at least ha'e her respect !"

Habbie, burnin' wi' vexation,  
Feelin' deep the sad rebuff,  
Wi' nae word o' explanation,  
Aff an' left her in the huff.

Sair her love, as he was leavin',  
Strove to maister her disdain ;  
Ilka fibre o' her bein'  
Pled for him, but pled in vain.

Phœbe kept her resolution,  
To her heart she wadna yield;  
Love, wi' a' his elocution,  
Foiled and vanquished left the field!

Cam' the morn wi' beams caressin'—  
Cam' the news up frae the toon,  
Habbie Graham had gane amissin',  
Had been socht for roun' an' roun'.

Syne cam' news frae Glasca' market,  
Wi' the sodgers he'd been seen;  
Some said he had gane to clerk it  
Wi' a frien' at Aberdeen.

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## PART X.

*The Closing Day.*

Simmer pass'd, syne autumn yellow,  
Clad the rigs wi' stooks o' corn;  
Still o' Hab. was nocht heard tell o'—  
Phœbe's heart grew quite forlorn.

While to add mair to her sorrow,  
Near his en' her faither lay,  
Waitin' for that brichter morrow  
That succeeds our mortal day.

Noo the sun wi' beams sae gowden,  
Smiles his last on muir an' lea,  
Slantin' owre the hill o' Loudon  
In his course down to the sea.

Owre the bedside o' the dyin'  
Saint, her faither, Phoebe leans,  
Ilka want her love supplyin'  
Nicht an' day, yet ne'er compleans.

Like the sun, awhile he lingers,  
Ere he sinks to blissfu' rest,  
Claspin' Phoebe's rosy fingers,  
Kindly her he thus address'd :—

“ Tell me, Phoebe ! ere I lea' thee,  
What has made thy cheek sae pale ;  
Something on thy breast lies heavy,  
Tell thy faither a' thy tale ?

“ Tell me, has thy lad grown fickle ?—  
Whaur has faithless Habbie gane ?  
True ! o' gear he hadna mickle,  
Yet I lov'd him as my ain.”

Phoebe, leanin' on his bosom.  
Tell't him a' that had befell,  
An' hoo hard it was to lose him—  
Whaur he'd gane she couldna tell.

Like a seer wha scans the future,  
Faintly to himsel' he said,  
“ No ! he canna leeve without her,  
Ilk seems for the ither made.”

Then he said, still gazin' on her,  
“ Phoebe dear, nae langer mourn,  
In prosperity an' honour,  
Halbert Graham shall yet return—

“Shall return ! in strength an’ beauty,  
Shall return my bairn to bless ;  
In the path o’ love an’ duty,  
Servin’ God in righteousness !”

Thro’ the blue light, stars cam’ peepin’,  
Saftly beamed the risin’ moon,  
Hill an’ dale in radiance steepin’ ;  
Silence reigned a’ roun’ an’ roun’.

Phoebe watched him lang an’ constant,  
Till the lea lang nicht gaed past,  
When as calm as sleepin’ infant,  
Wi’ a sigh he breathed his last.

O’ the manse she kept possession,  
Like a lane bird in its nest,  
Till the solemn-paced procession  
Bore his ashes to their rest.

Gatherin’ a’ her gear thegither,  
Mournfully the road she took,  
Wi’ an’ auld frien’ o’ her faither,  
To his hame in Ferny-Nook ;

Whaur ’mang frien’s that kept her cozy,  
In the deep howe o’ a glen,  
Phoebe’s cheeks again grew rosy,  
E’en her heart began to men’.

There we lea’ the sweet wee bodie  
To regain her cheerfu’ smile,  
While we turn to Auld Kilwuddie,  
Strange events to watch the while.

## PART XI.

## Bella's End.

Ne'er a word yet o' Jock Gemmell  
Makin' Bella Weir his bride ;  
Fain wad she her state dissem'le,  
But her case it wadna hide.

Slichtit love had turned the honey  
O' her life to bitter ga' ;  
Frae her cheek the roses bonnie  
Wi' her peace had flown awa'.

Till ae Sunday it was rumour'd  
Jock had been three times proclaim'd,  
But the folks were a' dumfoun'er't,  
When they heard the fair ane named.

'Stead o' Bella ane Kate Miller,  
He had courted i' the North ;  
Some auld hen wi' clauts o' siller,  
But wi' neither sense nor worth.

A' the gossips flate wi' anger,  
Ca'd him scroun'rel, blackguard, wicht ;  
Since he'd been sae base as wrang her,  
Surely he should mak' her richt ?

Bella's dream o' joy departit,  
Ilka day mair sad she grew ;  
Hopeless, feckless, broken heartit,  
To the drink at last she flew.

Ae ill whiles brings on anither—  
 Bell ae day gaed doon the gait  
 Some bit errand for her mither :  
 Lasses said "She wasna blate !"

Neebors a' were glowrin' at her ;  
 Bella glided lichtly past,  
 As if nocht had been the matter—  
 Gossips a' stood quite aghast !

Ilk ane e'ed her wi' suspicion—  
 Could it be they were mista'en ?  
 Folk sae skill'd in her condition !  
 What had come o' Bella's wean ?

Ane had heard a groan at midnight—  
 Ane a bairnie's greet had heard—  
 Ane at mirk had seen a red licht  
 In the howe o' Bella's yard.

Some wi' pious rage were gnashin',  
 Wha, when sable nicht cam' doon,  
 Slippit owre the dyke wi' caution,  
 An' the yard socht roun' an' roun'

Mang the lang kail-stocks they lampit,  
 Nocht suspicious could be seen,  
 But a spot a' birz'd an' trampit  
 In the bonnie bleechin' green.

Frantic, here the turf they tore up,  
 But wi' terror maist gaed gyte,  
 When frae 'mang their feet they bore up  
 Something a' row'd up in white.



Wi' their prize they ran triumphant  
To the licht, the truth to learn ;  
Sure enough ! there lay an infant  
Stark an' stiff—'twas Bella's bairn.

In the mornin', swift as eagles,  
Twa flew to the burgh toon,  
Frae the jail to fetch the beagles,  
An' to raise the kintra roun'.

Raise the folk in consternation,  
' When the news spread thro' the toun—  
Raise a storm o' indignation  
'Gainst the vile, betrayin' loon.

Wi' their warrants, writs, an' letters,  
Cam' the sleuth-hounds o' the law,  
Wi' their batons, gyves, an' fetters,  
To tak' Bella Weir awa' !

Hun'ers roun' the house had gather't,  
Scarce the beagles could get in ;  
Doors an' winnocks fast were tether't,  
Lest the pris'ner aff should win.

What mak's beagle bodies ferly ?  
Paralyz'd the arm o' law—  
Bella in the mornin' early  
Had ta'en wing and fled awa' !

Some ran ae gait, some anither,  
Led on wi' a beagle loon ;  
Some to cateheeze the mither,  
By the ingle sat them doun.

Socht they roun' the strath o' Avon,  
 Ilka pool and bosky dell,  
 Till ane owre the lugs gaed stavin'  
 An' amais't gat droon't himsel' ;—

Till the gloamin' licht grew fainter,  
 When up-rose the glowrin' moon ;  
 Syne twa three wha best had kent her,  
 Took the gait to Kype's dark linn.

Whaur the trees in leafy grandeur  
 Rise aboon the eerie pool—  
 Whaur puir Bella lo'ed to wander  
 In the simmer e'enin's cool ;

Whaur the rocks hing rent an' riven  
 High aboon the roarin' linn,  
 Whaur the stream in fury driven,  
 Gushes doon wi' fearfu' din.

A' was silent save the rumble  
 O' the water owre the rocks,  
 An' below the eerie grumble  
 O' the pool aneath the oaks.

Some gaed grapin' thro' the plantain,  
 Socht a' roun' amang the trees ;  
 Ane at length wi' terror pantin'  
 In the moonlicht something sees.

Frae the rock a white scarf dangled,  
 Tether't to a lonely brier,  
 An' beneath a' bruiz'd an' mangled,  
 Lay the form o' Bella Weir \

Wi' her blue e'en heav'nward starin',  
Wi' her han' raised stark an' stiff,  
Driven dementit, or despairin',  
She had flung her frae the cliff.

° ° ° °

Gemmell, her fause joe, gat married;  
An', hoo strange! that very day,  
Past his door was Bella carried  
To her cauld bed on the brae.

Short the villain's triumph lastit;  
On his heart fell black remorse;  
Nicht an' day his sicht was blastit  
Wi' her pale an' bleedin' cor'se—

Lay an' drank his ain curs'd liquor,  
But e'en that avail'd him nocht;  
E'en the biggest brandy bicker  
Couldna droun the pangs o' thocht.

Ilka nicht saw shapes o' evil,  
Gart his cheeks grow pale as death:  
Whiles it seem'd an' ugsome deevil,  
Whiles it seem'd fair Bella's wraith.

Till at last folk durstna meddle 'im,  
Drink an' thocht had dang him mad;  
Sae they wheel'd him aff to Bedlam—  
Ne'er a heart for him was sad.

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## PART XII.

*Kilwuddie Fair.*

While they drave at wine an' wassail,  
Mornin', noon, an' midnight mirk,  
In the room o' Mess John Cassell—  
Helper Tam had got the kirk ;

Wha, wi' boozin' an' guid keepin',  
Soon grew fat's a Hielan' pig :  
Gat the folk to raise his stipen',  
Coft a pony and a wig.

But the pastor o' Kilwuddie  
Fell a victim like the lave ;  
To his glass o' brandy toddy  
He became a perfect slave.

Waddin's, deaths, examinations,  
Tam flang prudence clean awa' !  
E'en frae past'ral visitations  
Hame cam' stottin' like a ba'.

Comin' ae nicht frae a bridal,  
Bung't wi' whisky, blin's a mole,  
Rockin' rowin' in his saddle,  
Took a yett-post for a toll.

Cried oot, " Hey, man ! Rabbie Miller !  
Lowse the yett, ye lazy crew !  
What's com'd owre ye ? there's yer siller !"  
Whilk upon the road he threw.

Syne upon the yett he thumpit  
Wi' his stick, while to his beast  
Cried, "Come Sally ! let us jump it !  
Sall' ye jaud ! What—wad ye reist ?"

Sally, wha'd mair sense a hantle  
Than her maister, gied a snirt ;  
Cuist her heels up wi' a cantle,  
Left him spraulin' i' the dirt !

Whaur until the grey o' mornin'  
He lay snorin' like a pig,  
Docken leaves his scaup adornin'  
'Stead o' his guid hat an' wig.

But the carrier, Willie Carswells,  
Saw the matter at a glance,  
An' amang his ither parcels,  
Wheel'd him aff straucht to the manse.

By an' by, folk's tongues grew busy,  
E'en the priests whiles gang agee :  
As day wi' his servant hizzie,  
Tam took leg an' owre the sea.

Nor alane Kilwuddie gentry,  
Sense an' siller flang awa ;  
Farmer bodies frae the kintra  
Cam' ilk week to ha'e a blaw.

As nicht owre the reekin' toddy,  
Wi' an aith ane did declare,  
For the gude o' Auld Kilwuddie,  
They should ha'e a hirin' fair.

'Twas agreed, an' settl'd fully,  
Word was sent baith far an' near,  
On the second day o' July  
They would haud a rantin' fair.

Cam' at length the wish'd-for mornin'—  
Cam' the pedlars wi' their packs,  
Cam' the drouths to get their hornin',  
Toy-folks wi' their queer nick-nacks ;

A' the rif-raff cam' like sparrows,  
Some to grab an' some to sell ;  
Swettie stan's an' lang nit barrows,  
Rock an' candy by the ell.

Cam' the shows a' painted yellow,  
Ane a muckle caravan,  
Wi' a monster ne'er heard tell o',  
Ca'd the great Chimpanzee man.

Twa she-lions an' a tiger,  
Leev'd thegither in ae den ;  
In the next a monster figure,  
Wi' a tail on ilka en'.

Rowly-powly ! wheel o' fortune,  
Prick the garter, hide the pea ;  
For the chiels wha, bent on sportin',  
Gart the cash aroun' them flee.

Folk cam' in, in scores an' dizens,  
Some to hire an' some to fee ;  
Maist, nae doot, to weet their wizens,  
See the fair, an' haud the spree.

Barefit herds frae 'mang the thrussles,  
'Mang the lave their maiks to spen',  
Laid them oot on knives an' whussels,  
Candy-rock an' ginge-bread men.

Horses tails were busk'd wi' strae ban's,  
Lasses heads wi' silken snoods,  
Servin' lads wi' babs o' ribbons,  
Farmers' wives wi' scarlet hoods.

Drink howfs rang wi' noise an' clatter,  
Young an' auld alike gat ree;  
Drink gaed roun' like jaws o' water,  
A' were blythe as blythe could be.

Lasses drave at pies an' porter,  
Syne wi' screech the lads them press'd;  
Jist a taste it wadna hurt her,  
Syne "Ye maun coup oot the rest!"

Dais'd at length wi' swats an' claver,  
Aff to join the penny reels,  
Whaur to "Jenny dang the weaver"  
Blythely they flung up their heels.

Noo like barm within an oven,  
In ilk brain the barley works;  
Rivin', drivin', stoitin', stovin',  
In the crood they fecht like Turks!

Ane cries hoo his lug it goupit!  
This ane hauds his bluidy nose;  
Sweetie stan's owre heels are coupit,  
Frien's in deadly conflict close.

Sic a roarin' fechtin' rabble  
Ne'er met underneath the moon,  
Sin' the donnert deils o' Babel  
Rent the welkin' wi' their din.

Foul blaspheming, mixt wi' curses,  
Met ane's ear in ilka nook;  
While the keelies cleek't the purses,  
Whiles a weel stuff'd pocket-book.

Hoo like beasts they foucht throu'ither,  
A' nicht lang, nae tongue can tell:  
A' seem'd reft o' wit thegither—  
Nocht could mair resemble hell.

Doun on a' the hellish hudder  
Stars look'd wi' their dewy een,  
While pale nicht, wi' mony a shudder,  
Drew her mantle owre the scene.

Few o' them gat hame till mornin',  
Syne ilk ane bewail'd his loss;  
Some wi' quenchless thirst were burnin',  
Some were leftna' wi' a cross.

Some as souple as a docken,  
In the dyke-sheugh lay a' nicht,  
Some wi' noses clour't an' broken,  
Some wi' een swell'd oot o' sight;

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## PART XIII.

*The Radicals.*

Black day ! for Kilwuddie weavers,  
Perish'd a' their hard won gains ;  
Wives cried, " O ye heartless reevers !  
Will ye starve yer bits o' weans ?"

A' their bonnie bits o' biggins,  
Unrepair'd sune gaed to wrack ;  
Wa's ance white grew black's their riggins,  
Stuff'd the winnocks—hol't the thack.

But within the change was greater,  
Dirt in ilka nook did lie—  
Dirt on ilka face an' feature,  
An' their beds wad fyl'd a sty.

Noo the wives gaed on the batter,  
Wadna' pay what they were awn ;  
Syne to raise the needfu' catter,  
Aff gaed claes into the pawn.

Men an' wives continual differ't,  
Peace an' comfort fled their hames ;  
Cuffs an' kicks they freely niffer't,  
Ca'd ilk ither fearfu' names.

Bairns grew lank an' lean as harrows,  
Scant o' cleedin', scanty fed,  
Cower't about the hearth like sparrows,  
A' their bloom an' beauty fled.

Lips that ance wad socht God's blessin',  
Prais'd his name upon the Beuk ;  
Ban'less noo were heard expressin'  
Aiths deep forged in hell's black neuk.

Ither ills danced in attendance,  
Ignorance took place o' lear ;  
Puirtith crushed a' independence,  
Scores o' paupers noo were there.

But at last the bodies gather't  
Owre the dram to trace the cause  
O' the countless ills they suffer't—  
A' agreed it was the laws.

A' was wrang wi' the taxation,  
Government were sair to blame ;  
Debt sae lay upon the nation,  
Gart folk fa' in debt at hame.

Whigs and Tories baith were riff-raff,  
Wha made laws folk's richts to steal ;  
France had ta'en her monarch's head aff,  
Michtna' Geordie's gang as weel ?

Black Nebs, Radicals, Aggressors,  
Put Kilwuddie in a fyke,  
Vow'd they'd rise on their oppressors  
Wi' the musket an' the pike.

Soon the word gaed thro' the kintra  
A' the Radicals wad rise,  
Plunder first the kintra gentra,  
Syne tak' Glasca' by surprise.

Guns an' pistols werena' plenty,  
Swords were scarce as philibegs;  
Some a rung gat, some a shinty,  
Some had pikes, and some had clegs.

Ilka nicht they held a meetin',  
In the mornin' met for drill;  
Wives were ragin', weans were greetin',  
Less thro' fear than want o' meal.

Cam' at last the morn agreed on,  
Aff they march'd in motley raws,  
To regain their lang lost freedom,  
And reform oppressive laws.

On they tramp'd wi' flauntin' banners,  
Owre them fortune seem'd to smile;  
Glasca' soon wad be in dan'ers,  
Nocht to dae but share the spoil.

Tir'd at length, the braves encampit  
On the side o' Cathkin' brae,  
Whaur like lions bauld they rampit,  
Eager to begin the fray.

But their courage sair was dounkit,  
When twa ootposts word brocht in,  
That they had been a' begunkit,  
Gart ilk ane shake in his shoon.

Aff they ran a' helter-skelter,  
Flang their pikes an' clegs awa',  
Ilk ane saw auld Hangie's helter  
Owre his head aboot to fa'.

Some come back to auld Kilwuddie,  
Some for months were never seen;  
While Jock Wabster, donnert bodie,  
Lost his head on Glasca Green.

They wha suffer frae an evil,  
Seldom see the cause at hame;  
Wyte their sins upon the deevil,  
Sel' is aye the last to blame,

Had they look'd in the direction  
O' Jock Gemmell's whisky kegs!  
But the cup o' their affliction  
Wasna' yet drain'd to the dregs!

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## PART XIV.

*Night and Morning.*

Cam' a fell distemper stealin'  
Owre the lan' frae toun to toun,  
To the ha' as weel's the sheelin';  
Mony thousan's were cut doon.

Like a lan' gi'en up to plunder,  
Trampl'd 'neath an en'my's feet;  
Strong heart-ties were rent asunder,  
Dead folk lay in ilka street.

Whaur the demon o' Intemp'rance  
Left his track o' witherin' skaith,  
Cam' the pale horse o' the pest'lence,  
Wi' his ghastly rider Death!

Fell the scourge o' desolation  
Maist on dirt-polluted hames ;  
Folk lang gi'en to dissipation  
Gaed like fuel in the flames.

Owre Kilwuddie, sunk in error,  
Viewless fell the clud o' woe ;  
Ilka bosom quak'd wi' terror,  
Waitin' the expeckit blow.

Bairnies were depriv'd o' mithers,  
Mithers o' their bairns bereft ;  
Men o' wives, an' bairns their brithers,  
In some hames no' ane was left !

Lay the dead beside the deein',  
Infants tugg'd the milkless breast ;  
Hope forsook ilk human bein',  
Horror ilka heart opprest.

In the hour o' death an' danger,  
Mony a prayer for mercy raise ;  
God had sent a stern avenger  
To convince them o' their ways !

But the plague wi' a' its horrors,  
Phœbe Cassell stoutly braved,  
Grapp'l'd wi' the king o' terrors,  
Mony a usefu' life she saved.

Like an angel, sweet and bonnie,  
Fell her shadow still to bless ;  
Words drap't frae her lips like honey,  
While she lessened folk's distress.

Joined wi' some in fervent prayer,  
Syne wi' ithers scripture read ;  
Mony a cordial she brocht wi' her,  
Some she keep't in daily bread.

When the Presbytery heard o'  
Sic distress within the toun ;  
In the room o' Tam M'Murdo  
Soon they sent a preacher down.

A' wha' could gaed to the preachin',  
Some thro' ferly, some thro' fear ;  
Scarce a word o' gospel teachin'  
Had they heard for mony a year.

Manly did he seem, an' gracefu',  
When he rose to read the psalm ;  
In his look, a wee thocht bashfu',  
But his voice was clear an' calm.

Syne he prayed wi' siccan fervour,  
Ilk ane there wi' him took part ;  
Felt he was nae *puir time-server* !  
But a man o' God's ain heart.

An' sic halesome truths he uttered,  
When his sermon he began ;  
Ilk ane to his neebor muttered,  
" Isna he an unco man ! "

Tell't them o' their dissipation,  
That had shed sic misery roun' ;  
Syne o' the dark visitation  
That lay heavy on the toun ;

Quoted scripture verse by verse aye,  
A' to prove the Lord was kin':  
Hoo sic ills were sent in mercy,  
To reform an' bless mankin'.

Some were seiz'd wi' strong conviction,  
Some did weep in sair distress,  
An' in depth o' their affliction,  
Pled for God's forgiveness.

'Mang the rest, tho' worn an' wearit,  
Phoebe Cassell cam' to hear;  
But a chill cam' owre her spirit,  
When his words fell on her ear.

Something in his look peculiar  
Gied her heart an unco stoun;  
Something in his tones familiar  
Gart the tears come gushin' doon.

O' his sermon or his prayer  
Scarce she heard a word ava';  
A' her senses seem'd gaun frae her—  
Phoebe fainted clean awa'.

Bletherum bore her to the vestry,  
Jaw'd some water in her face;  
But when reason gat the maistry,  
Wild she glowr't a' roun' the place.

"Tell me, Bletherum! say, instanter,  
What may be yon preacher's name?"  
Leuch, an' said the sly precentor,  
"'Tis the Reverent Halbert Graham!"

Up gat Phœbe, scarlet blushin',  
Like a bird her plumage shook;  
Joy within her bosom gushin',  
Aff she flew to Ferny-Nook.

Ne'er had passed sae quate a Sunday,  
Nane were seen gaun doon the brae,  
To imbibe the cursed pundie—  
Maist gaed hame to read or pray.

Flew the news hoo their auld teacher,  
Lang amissin', Habbie Graham,  
Jist leecens'd, a famous preacher!  
To Kilwuddie had come hame.

Whaur the fearfu' visitation  
In the toun did maist abound,  
On his mission o' salvation,  
A' that nicht was Halbert found.

Pour'd the balm o' consolation  
In sad hearts by death bereaved,  
Fill'd wi' joy and exultation,  
Them wha in the truth believed.

Soon they heard wi' hearts elated  
The disease was on the wane;  
Death, like ruthless tyrant, sated,  
Gaz'd upon his thousan's slain.

Sin' she left the kirk on Sunday,  
Nocht o' Phœbe had been seen;  
Folk look'd for her a' day Monday,  
Young an' auld wi' wistfu' e'en.



What's come o' the bonnie beauty?  
Can she the disease hae ta'en?  
Has the quean forgat her duty?  
They wha think sae, are mista'en.

In the love-lot o' puir mortals  
There is mony a fearfu' crook!  
Ste' the road to Hymen's portals—  
Turn we noo to Ferny-Nook.

Men an' beasts hae a' been skepit,  
Nicht's black wing is deepenin' roun';  
Bairns by kin'ly hans weel happit,  
Wi' ilk ither cuddle down.

Phœbe's room is cauld an' empty,  
Phœbe's bed has ne'er been prest;  
Whaur at mirk can she hae gane tae?  
Like a ghaist that canna rest?

Whaur the burn in moonlicht dazzles,  
Jinkin roun' ilk mossy stane;  
In the glen amang the hazels,  
Phœbe wan'ers a' her lane.

Prest wi' care in deep dejection  
Frae her een the saut tears well;  
Syne like ane in deep reflection,  
Sadly mutters to hersel'—

“Peerless Halbert! hapless Phœbe!  
Is it thus oor love maun en'?  
Brichtest hopes are but a maybe!  
Wha on earth can trust to men?”

“Blessed hope, sae fondly cherish’d,  
Quench’d for aye thy joyous beam—  
A’ love’s bonnie blossoms perish’d—  
A’ the past a painfu’ dream !

“Ne’er were heav’nly gifts sae blentit—  
Learnin’, sense, religion, worth ;  
O that Phœbe’s days were endit,  
Closed her pilgrimage on earth !

“Lang I waited his returnin’  
Like the wood-dove for her mate—  
Lang for him my heart kept mournin’—  
Langer still maun Phœbe wait.

“Hame return’d wi’ fame an’ honour,  
Visits ilka weel-kent spot,  
But his Phœbe, disna ken her,  
Ance sae daunted, noo forgot !

“Realised ilk fond ambition—  
Nocht could daunt a mind sae will’d :  
Noo he fills a high position,  
Ilka wish he had fulfill’d.”

“A’ but ane,” a voice said near her ;  
“Yet remains his dearest aim.”  
Phœbe startin’, wild wi’ terror—  
Saw before her Habbie Graham.

Soon his arms were clasp’d aroun’ her,  
Lang he strain’d her to his breast—  
Phœbe, lost in love an’ won’er,  
Sabb’d in tears, though she was blest.

In the glow o' that blest meetin',  
In that hour o' ecstasy,  
A' the past seem'd but the fleetin'  
Moment o' a' wintry day.

"Hoo, dear Halbert, could ye lea' me  
Withoot e'en a pairtin' word?  
But wi' blessin's I forgie thee,  
Sin' to me thou art restor'd."

"Capstane o' my earthly pleasure!  
Peerless Phœbe! noo my ain,  
Life can yield nae richer treasure!  
Sweet reward for years o' pain!

"Inward blamin' my ain folly,  
When I left that nicht, I sware  
Ne'er to taste the drink unholy,  
Nor a drink-howf enter mair.

"Nor alane to lea' the toddy,  
But to lea' in my despair—  
A' that boun' me to Kilwuddie,  
Nor to see my Phœbe mair.

"Till the humble village teacher  
Made amends for his disgrace,  
An' can' hame a leecens'd preacher—  
Only then I'd see thy face.

"Hoo I've focht wi' fate, believe me,  
Mair than I wad like to tell—  
Love for thee inspir'd me, Phœbe!  
Frae them a' to bear the bell.

“ But for thy strong indignation,  
Crimson'd cheek, an' flashin' een,  
Lost in drink an' dissipation  
Thy fond Halbert nicht ha'e been,

“ Nor alane ha'e gat my license,  
But ha'e offers mair than ane;  
Last week cam' twa deputations,  
But I pledg'd mysel' to nane.

“ No, sweet Phœbe, I wad rather,  
If 'twere the Almichty's will,  
Fill the pu'pit o' thy faither,  
In the auld kirk on the hill.

“ What to me are wealth an' honours?  
What to me a cozie biel' ?  
Tein's an' stipen's, glebes an' hun'ers,  
When compar'd wi' human weal?

“ Lang I've pled wi' Him abune me  
To reclaim oor native toun;  
Strong I feel the wish within me  
To complete the work begun.

“ By an' by, reliev'd frae terror,  
Folk will then get time to think—  
By an' by, renounce their error,  
An' gi'e owre the cursed drink.”

---

**Conclusion.**

But, to end this lang narration,  
Halbert Graham receiv'd a ca'  
Frae Kilwuddie congregation,  
Whilk gied joy to ane an' a'.

Pass'd awa' the cloud that hover'd  
Grimly owre Kilwuddie toun!  
Mony sick to health recover'd,  
But fell mony were cut down.

Dan the souter, Meg the howdy,  
Rab the smith, an' Johnnie Law,  
Tailor Tam, an' Nelly Gowdie,  
By the plague were ta'en awa'.

Syne cam' roun' their pastor's marriage,  
When sweet Phœbe chang'd her name,  
Wheel'd awa', syne, in a carriage,  
To her auld beloved hame;

Whaur she's laid the strong foundation  
O' her house in rosy twins—  
Whaur she's lo'ed to adoration,  
An' a' hearts wi' kindness wins.

Auld Kilwuddie ment her manners,  
Closed her drink-howfs ane by ane;  
A' the folk grew steeve abstiners,  
Joys lang dead sprang up again!

'Mang the guidfolks o' Kilwuddie  
Ne'er were kent sic alter't days;

Wives an' bairns wha gaed sae duddy,  
 Noo can brag o' Sunday claes.

When compass'd wi' drink an' danger,  
 Bits o' weans were famish'd clean;  
 Noo they leeve at heck and manger—  
 Cheeks like roses, clear their een.

Peats to big the fire in winter—  
 Beds weel happit, sheets like snaw;  
 Jock Galbraith, the blanket dunter,  
 Thinks he'll ne'er get rest ava'.

Jock's guidwife ilk day is singin'  
 Like a mavis, loud an' clear,  
 Till ilk nook an' bole is ringin',  
 An' her sang I'll let you hear.

### Song.

#### WHISKY'S AWA'.

AIR — “*My Nannie's Awa'.*”

*As sung by Leezie Galbraith to a delighted audience, viz., her Guidman  
 and Bairns.*

Noo winter has blawn ilka leaf frae the tree,  
 The bluebell an' gowan lie dead on the lea,  
 A' roun' oor wee biggin deep lies the white snaw,  
 But within there is simmer when whisky's awa.  
 But within there is simmer, &c.

Oor hame, ance sae haunted wi' sorrow an' care,  
 Noo rings wi' the music o' lovin' hearts there;  
 While John, like a hero, noo toils for us a',  
 In the pride o' his manhood, sin' whisky's awa.  
 In the pride o' his manhood, &c.

But the cauld days o' winter will soon whistle by,  
An' the green braes be clad wi' the sheep an' the kye,  
Then we'll aff to the glens whaur the wild roses blaw,  
An' sing wi' glad nature, vile whisky's awa'.

An' sing wi' glad nature, &c.

Let warldly minds warsle for riches an' fame,  
Gie me but the wealth o' a love-lichtit hame,  
An' the cloud o' affliction mair lichtly will fa'  
Owre the hames o' the lowly, when whisky's awa'.

Owre the hames o' the lowly, &c.

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## The Herd Laddie.

A RURAL SKETCH.

### PART I.—THE RAIN.

Oh! weary, weary, fa's the rain,  
The kintra's in a steep—  
The sable clouds hang frae the lift,  
Like claes hung up to dreep.

Nicht's raven locks dishevel'd fa',  
Day's bonnie broo a-doun;  
The muirlan' burns, frae bank to brae  
Are rowin' big an' broon.

Wi' thunnerin' din, oot owre the linn,  
The spate fa's heavily;  
While a' the holms on Avon-side,  
Are flooded like a sea.

Oh! "Wally! wally!" cried the whaup,  
Lang ere the break o' day;  
The plovers, sailin' through the lift,  
Sang loud their notes o' wae.

While a' nicht lang the win's did moan,  
Like sp'rits endurin' pain,  
An' the angry reek cam' doon wi' a daud,  
To tell o' the comin' rain.

Auld Towser streeks him on the hearth,  
His dreepin' hyde to beek,  
While Bawdrons weets her velvet paw,  
To wash her face sae sleek.

The auld man, fidgin' in his chair,  
Sits by the chimla lug,  
He e'es the rain wi' gruesome face,  
Syne kicks awa the doug.

He sooks his thin cheeks oot o' sicht,  
In vain his pipe to blaw,  
He's broken a bent stalk in the shank,  
In wrath syne heaves't awa.

An' while he thinks o' the wark behin',  
The auld wife thinks o' her kye,  
Lest the rain sae snell, should ding them yell,  
An' lea' her milk tubs dry.

An' aye she cries "Oh, the weary rain!  
An' whan it 'll fair—Guid kens?"  
Syne aff she trots to the peat-stack-en',  
To muster her drookit hens.



An' while the auld man bans the rain  
An' pokers up the fire,  
The lads are idlin' in the barn—  
The lasses in the byre.

Thus, ane by ane, their cares increase,  
As the day gaes slowly by,  
But nae ane there has a thocht to spare  
For the laddie that herds the kye.

There's no a dry steek on a' his back—  
His sark's glued to his skin,  
While the rain that dreeps frae his duddie breeks  
Jergs oot o' his clouted shoon.

Twice owre has he wrung his pirnie plaid,  
An' daudit his bannet blue,  
An' brush'd awa the cauld wat locks  
That cling to his thochtfu' broo.

Nae cronies but the owrie kye,  
His seat a lichen'd stane,  
Nor bush nor biel in a' the fiel',  
To fend him frae the rain.

The kye winna eat, and they winna lie doun,  
But sadly the cud they chow,  
While mony an' strange are the thochts that rise  
In the lane herd-laddie's pow.

He's thinkin' on the blythe wee birds  
That sing at early morn,  
Noo happin' their young frae the win, and weet,  
In shelterin' brake and thorn ;

He's thinkin' o' a lowly hame  
In the clachan far awa,  
Whaur the bairnies rin wi' gleesome din  
To watch the rain-drops fa'.

He thinks o' the kirkyard on the hill,  
Whaur his faither is sleepin' soun';  
He thinks o' his mither at her wheel,  
An' he sees the spokes gae roun'.

He sees her start frae her cutty stool  
An' gaze through the window pane,  
An' weel he kens her heart is sair  
For her callan' that's oot in the rain.

O wha hasna' felt the mystic spell  
That draws young hearts to hame?  
The man wha hasna' felt its power,  
Is worthless o' the name.

O hame! sweet hame! there's a charm in the word,  
That mak's our heart-strings thrill,  
O' the verdant spots on memory's waste,  
It's aye the greenest still.

What for did he lea' that lowly hame,  
Wi' its hearts sae tried an' true?  
'Twas a' to win the penny fee,  
To pay the laird his due.

Sae dashin' the tear frae his misty e'e,  
He cries, though his heart is sair—  
"Yes, mither! for thee I will bear this ill,  
Though it were ten times mair."

Hope's bonnie wee star through the nicht o' his grief,  
Shed down the licht o' the dawn,  
While something within, in a whisper spak',  
O' sympathy at han'.

Then castin' his e'e up the grey hill-side,  
To see if the rain was owre;  
He saw through a gaw in the liftin' clouds,  
The sun begin to glower.

The clouds that hung 'tween the lift and the grun,  
An' dark as a dungeon wa',  
Are border'd noo wi' siller rims,  
An' pil'd like hills o' snaw.

Noo high owre head the calm blue lift  
Is openin' like a sea,  
While frae aboon the sun o' June,  
Looks down wi' burnin' e'e.

The midges, in a shiftin' cloud,  
In air are dancing thrang;  
The lark, amid the azure lost,  
Pours forth his joyous sang.

Noo man an' horse are scourin' aff,  
To work on fiel's an' farm;  
The eident bees frae skep an' byke,  
Bum oot in mony a swarm.

Noo frae the lum, wi' joyous swirl,  
Gaes up the speelin' reek;  
Ance mair the grumphies in the sun  
Hae laid them down to beek.

The cloud that lay on the laddie's heart,  
An' did its warl' bedim,  
Noo wears the arch o' rainbow licht,  
Whaur Hope's bricht angels clim'.

His soul, like an Eolian harp,  
Whase strings do fitful play,  
Awoke at nature's saftest touch,  
To wild sweet melody.

Frae ilka aspect o' her face  
He inspiration drew—  
A youthfu' Samuel in her fane,  
The lane herd-laddie grew.

The lucken gowan in the mead,  
The daisy on the lea,  
The weest fairy o' a flower,  
Wi' joy wad licht his e'e.

The lichen'd rock, the fa'in' lin,  
The purple thymy brae,  
Were mirror'd in his youthfu' mind;  
In beauty, day by day.

Aft solemn thochts an' fancies wild,  
The laddie's mind wad fill,  
When eve let fa' her skirt o' mist,  
White brooding owre the hill.

Then poesy her airy han'  
Laid saftly on his een,  
The while she wav'd her magic wan',  
Then, lo! how chang'd the scene.

The cloud-cap'd hill is Sinai,  
The lichtnin's flaucht and blaze—  
The vollied thunders shake the hills  
And mountains to their base.

While far below the clusterin' tents  
O' Israel are spread,  
As motionless and silent a',  
As city o' the dead.

The scene is chang'd, an' lo! he sees  
Sodom's red overthrow;  
The fiery hurricane frae heaven  
Is sweepin' a' below.

Anon, it is the Judgment scene,  
The last trump blares aloud,  
The Lord, the Judge o' heav'n and earth,  
Sits thron'd upon a cloud.

Wave aboon wave rise human heads,  
As far as e'e can reach—  
Peoples an' tribes frae every clime,  
O' every hue an' speech.

The heavens are faulded like a robe—  
The mountains melt wi' dread—  
The kirkyards wi' commotion heave,  
An' yield their lang hain'd dead.

Anon the new Jerusalem,  
That lang prepar'd abode,  
Shines glorious, thron'd aboon the hills—  
The sunny hills o' God.

He hears the rapturous strains that float  
Through Eden's blissfu' bowers;  
The air is balmy wi' the breath  
O' never-fading flówers.

Voices o' gleefu' innocence  
Ring like a silver bell—  
Familiar tones heard lang ago,  
But when, he canna tell.

As if in the forgotten past,  
In fairer worlds than this,  
His soul had spent a sinless youth,  
An' this were its echo'd bliss.

That siccan thochts an' siccan dreams,  
Through youth's blue welkin sail,  
Wha disna ken? wha hasna felt?—  
But I maun to my tale.

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PART II.—AFTON.

Noo oot o' his pouch his twal-hour piece  
He took, an' began to eat,  
When something ayont him began to steer,  
Anon to youf an' greet.

Sae wheelin' aroun', the while he eas'd  
The bannet frae his lug,  
Low, cowerin' at his feet he spy'd,  
A puir wee drookit doug.

Puir Watty felt maist like to greet  
Wi' sorrow at the sicht,  
For ne'er before had he beheld  
A doug in sic a plicht.

A' draigled owre wi' moss an' mire,  
Like pownie frae the plew,  
His tae e'e closed, an' a bluidy gash  
Across his bassent broo.

"O I deem'd mysel' a frien'less wicht,"  
Quo Watty, "as ane may be,  
But here is a creature God has made,  
Mair frien'less far than me.

"O wae betide the heartless loon!  
For cruel maun he be,  
That rais'd red murder's han' to strike  
A puir dumb tyke like thee."

The puir thing, though it couldna speak,  
Whined oot a gratefu' prayer—  
Spread oot its paws an' lick'd his feet,  
Gart Watty's heart feel sair.

An' first he fed him wi' his piece,  
Syne wash'd his bluidy broo,  
Syne in aneath his pinnle plaid  
The chitterin' thing he drew.

Aye close an' closer yet it crap  
Aneath the shelterin' plaid,  
Till first ae paw, an' syne a rough head,  
On Watty's breast was laid.

Than dew's o' e'en on the tender flowers  
That droop in sultry June,  
Far mair refreshin' to the heart  
The bliss o' a kind act dune.

But hark, a voice in anger rais'd,  
Disturbs the twa's repose,  
As frae the bent up wi' a bound  
His face a laddie shows.

He seem'd a laddie like himsel,  
But bigger—aulder far;  
His wrathfu' brow, an' steekit neive,  
Foreboded comin' war.

He's ta'en a haud o' Watty's plaid,  
Drawn't aff him wi' a rug;  
"Get up!" quo he—"ye toon bred loon  
Ye want to steal my doug."

"Your doug!" quo Watty, "is he yours?  
Losh man, ye micht think shame,  
To awn a doug, an' use it sae—  
Ye're unco sair to blame."

"The doug's my ain, ye weaver's get!  
I'll dae wi' him's I like,  
Tak' care I dinna gie ye mair  
Than I hae gie'n my tyke!"

Like arrow frae a bent bow-string,  
Sprang Watty to his feet;  
Ae lick the coof dang heels owre head  
As if he'd been a peat.



"There! tak' ye that, ye ill bred hound,  
An' learn to guard yer tongue,  
Nor gie ill names to decent folk,  
Let them be auld or young.

"A weaver's get! feg's! yer no blate,  
Get up, ye kintra hog;  
I hae a min' to thrash ye weel,  
For sake o' yer bit doug."

Wi' bluidy snout an' bannet aff,  
The chiel raise to his feet,  
Nae sooner saw his ain bluid rin  
Than he began to greet.

"I'll tell my faither, so I will!  
Ye surely dinna ken,  
That he's the laird o' Peasestrae-ha',  
As weel as Loggie glen?

"I winna fecht wi' sic' as thee,  
Ye've learnt owre mony tricks—  
Ye've surely tried the boxin trade,  
Ye gie sic' fearfu' licks."

Quo Watty, "Though ye were the laird  
O' Scotlan', ilka ell,  
I wadna thole to be misca'd  
No! by the king himsel'!"

"Then what richt hae ye to keep my doug,  
That cost me half-a-croon?—  
Though noo, he's hardly worth a groat  
Except to hang or droon."

Noo, this gart Watty swither a blink,  
Then quickly he did say—  
“ I’ll bye the doug frae ye mysel,  
An’ gie ye a’ I hae.

“ A shillin’ o’ pennies I hae sav’d,  
An’ hoarded up wi’ care,  
A gully knife, a pouchfu’ o’ bools,  
Forbye a mauken snare,

“ I’ll gie them a’, wer’t ten times mair,  
To save the puir thing’s life,  
Sae tak’ them, if ye think them worth,  
Snare, siller, bools an’ knife.”

Wi’ deil’s greed glowrin’ frae his e’en,  
The coof cried “ I agree!  
The gear be mine, the doug be yours,  
A bargain let it be!

“ Sae fare ye weel! I’ve ta’en ye in,  
Keep Afton if ye can—  
For yonder come’s yer maister, ha!  
He’ll be an angry man.”

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PART III—JEANIE

An’ wha was’t but the auld guidman,  
Cam’ hoichhin’ up the fell,  
“ What brings the auld chap here the noo?”  
Quo Watty to himsel’.

His bannet drawn doun owre his broo,  
Wud-lichtit his twa een—  
He shook his stick whilk boded ill  
For Watty's towzie frien'.

"Hie, Watty! guid for naething elf,  
Ye've let the kye stan' still!  
Ca' them aboot ye lazy lout!  
An' let them eat their fill.

"Is that the gait ye he'd the nowt—  
What use hae ye for dougs?  
To hound the sheep, an fleg the kye  
I've min' to puke yer lugs!

"To ha't an' hirple when ye rin,  
As if ye gaed on eggs,  
Na, na, you'll keep nae dougs my man!  
But learn to use yer legs.

"Nae doot but he's some useless whalp,  
Some herd has thrown awa—"  
Quo Watty, "Sir, that doug this day  
I coft frae Colin Craw.

"Oh, maister! let the pair wee thing  
Bide wi' me till the fair,  
I'll share wi' him my ilka meal;  
Frae ye I'll ask nae mair!"

"The deil a meal ye'se get to share—  
The laddie's fair gane gyte!  
Sae sen' him awa; ye needna greet—  
I dinna want to flyte."

Noo, wha' cam' linkin' o'er the lea,  
Jist in the nick o' time—  
But Jeanie, the laird's dochter fair—  
A lassie in her prime.

Her cheeks were plump as hovie scones,  
Her e'en had a bonnie gley,  
An' wi' the saft low o' woman's love,  
Aye lichtit bonnilie

Though womanlike her tongue could wag,  
An' mak' richt mickle din ;  
A roguish smile, aye lurk'd the while,  
Aboot her dimpl'd chin.

Her straucht white legs, and slim barefeet,  
Shone like the marble stane,  
As frae the lang grass, at ilka stap,  
She shook the pearly rain.

“Losh, faither ! ye maun hurry awa—  
Confoond sic threshy leas,  
My guid new coats are wat as muck,  
Up to the very knees.

“The laird o' Muddy Yets has come,  
To buy yer crap o' woo',  
Hey, Watty ! guid saf's ! what ails the bairn ?  
Yer heart is at yer mou'.

“Noo faither, ye've been coongerin him,  
Ye'll no let folk alane,  
A herd mair couthie wi' the kye,  
Ye never yet had ane.”

"Whate'er I said is nocht to thee,  
Sae never fash yer lug,  
The deil a herd o' mine will e'er  
Get leave to keep a doug."

"Gin that be a' for whilk ye thraw,  
We'll settle that again;  
Noo, faither, rin, ye'll be ahin'  
The laird was fidgin fain."

"Ay, fidgin' fain, but no for me,  
I needna' tell ye *wha*,  
Belyve ye'll see, ance hame wi' me,  
An' buskit oot fu' braw."

"I'll follow ye jist in a blink,"  
Quo Jeanie, "never fear,  
Noo, Watty, let us shift the kye,  
They've been a lang time here."

The laird, sair bowed upon his staff,  
Gaed hirplin' doon the brae,  
While Jeanie as he turn'd his back,  
To Watty thus did say—

"Tuts, callan! learn to bide a flyte,  
I thole them ilka day,  
An' yet I never fash my thoom,  
Its jist my faither's way.

"But losh, ye'er plaid's a' in a steep,  
Ye'er cauld, wat, to the skin,  
Hae! there's a bannock to warm yer mou,  
Till ance the kye come in."

Quo Watty, "Oh, fifty flytes could I thole,  
Aye, e'en a scrimpit mug,  
But oh, I canna bear the thocht,  
O' partin' wi' my doug.

"Puir thing, I coft him for his guid,  
Frae cruel Colin Craw,  
Oh Afton! what will come o' thee,  
An' I pit thee awa?"

"Hoot, tuts, my laddie, never fear,  
To me, my faither lea,  
What he'll no dae for framert folk,  
He'll maybe dae for me.

"He's said to be a cankert carle,  
Yet, aye sin' I hae min',  
He's gien me a' my heart could wish,  
An' been a faither kin'.

"I like to see a laddie o' sense,  
Wha' mensfu' can behave,  
'Tweel ye've the head o' aulder folk,  
Yere sae unlike the lave.

"But, hark, I hear my faither's cry,  
He's waggin his lyart pow,  
Sae like a greyhound to the house,  
I'll scamper doun the howe."

Ae spring, an' Jeanie had clear'd the burn—  
Gaed skelpin' through bog an' fiel',  
Owre-took the laird, an' wi' her han'  
To Watty wav'd fareweel.

But what Jeanie said, or what she did,  
 To Watty she ne'er let on,  
 But ilka day his dougie an' he,  
 The auld man's favour won.

Oh, woman! matchless is thy micht,  
 To lichten oor earthly ills,  
 An' precious—priceless, is the balm,  
 That frae thy heart distils.

Oh, what wad become o' us bodies the men,  
 If wantin' thy tender care,  
 We'd sune, like our hairy ancestors,  
 Be spielin' the wuds ance mair.

## The Wee Doug's Appeal

TO HIS .

DRUCKIN MAISTER.

*[Suggested by seeing a little dog sitting at the door of a public-house, and looking anxiously toward the interior, where stood a man, apparently its master, very much intoxicated.]*

### PART I.

O COME awa! dear maister mine, ye maunna langer stay,  
 The morning sun is spieling up the gowden heights o' day,  
 Ye ken we hae'na been at hame sin' yesterday at three;  
 Forbye, the whisky folk frae ye hae ta'en yer last bawbee.

Wee Johnnie 'll be greetin'—his puir mammy be sae sad—  
 An' Jeanie lookiu' a' the hoose, aye spierin' for her dad;  
 Nae won'er we hae scrimpit meals, an' sometimes nane ava,  
 When there's nae siller in the hoose to keep fell want awa.

They'll wonder whaur their duggie is—puir things they  
 dinna ken [den;  
 I'm watchin' owre their faither in the drunkard's laithsome  
 Yet sweet reward for a' my care, ance hame, they'll cuddle  
 me,  
 An' Jeanie frae her wee white han' her sugar'd piece 'll gie.

O wae betide the whisky folk, they rob puir working-men,  
 Then fling them out like ne'er-do-weels, when they've nae  
 mair to spen';  
 I dae my best to keep ye out, an' mony a kick I thole,  
 But when yer in I'd easier draw a badger frae its hole.

'Twas jist yestreen, nae far'er gane, I saw that ye war fou,  
 Sae gie'd a bark to wauken ye, and gie'd your breeks a pu';  
 When at me ran the whisky man, and drew me sic'na kick,  
 It sent me yowlin' frae the hoose, sair limpin' wi' the lick.

'Twasna' for a' the din I made that set the loon on me—  
 He kent ye had some siller left to spend on barley bree;  
 But haud a wee, I'll seize him yet, an' gie him sic a rug,  
 He'll think twice ere he lift his fit to ony puir man's doug.

'Tisna alane the misery ye bring upon yersel'—  
 Ye'll bring yer bairnies to disgrace, an' break the heart o'  
 Nell;  
 Ye'll sune be oot o' hoose an' ha'—an' harken, in yer lug—  
 Ye'll maybe miss, when I am dead, yer ain bit tousie doug.



Ye'll no hae me to warn ye o' horses, gigs, and cars, [stars;  
Nor watch when ye are sleepin' fou beneath the pale nicht  
What iither doug wad thole yer cuffs an' lead ye safely hame,  
An' follow ye through win' and weet—aft wi' a hungry  
wame!

Ye min' that awfu' winter nicht ye lay amang the snaw,  
Cauld sleet and drift fell frae the lift, the win' did fiercely  
blaw;  
To keep ye warm an' safe frae harm, I lay upon your breast,  
An' ilk ane said ye aw'd yer life to me, yer faithfu' beast.

Ye werna aye sae fond o' drink—it was a happy hame  
When wife an' bairns, guidman an' doug, joined in the blythe-  
some game; [an' fair—  
We then had walth to eat an' drink—braw claes for kirk  
An' o' the best, amang the rest, yer douggie got his share.

But win' an' weet, the want o' meat, e'en cuffs an' kicks I'd  
thole,  
Gin ye'd but promise to forsake this waur than Satan's hole;  
I fain wad come an' pu' ye oot, but daurna' for my lugs—  
The public-hoose is no a place for either men or dougs!

---

## PART II.

O come awa', for ony sake, nor heed that whisky-man,  
To set yer heart against yer doug, he's trying a' he can;  
He needna shake his neive at me, nor think to gar me rin,  
I'm still a' tarrie at the heart, tho' worn to hair an' skin.

I ne'er wad darken his door-step, an' 'twerna for yersel',  
I hae a duty to perform, baith to the bairns an' Nell.

Puir things, my thochts are a' on them, but ye neer fash yer  
lug;  
Sae wae for them, I whiles could greet, tho' I am but a doug.

D'ye min' that day wee Annie dee'd?—her lips were cauld  
an' blue,  
Hoo, puir wee thing, sae lovingly she to her breast ye drew?  
Her cauld han's lock'd aboot yer neck, it made my heart feel  
sair, [nae mair.  
To hear her plead, wi' her last breath, that ye should drink

Ye ken if ye hae kept yer word to yer wee deein' wean.  
That very day her head was laid aneath the kirkyard stane,  
Ye gaed stracht to the public-hoose—nae doot to droon yer  
care, [there.  
But tho' I'm but a doug, I ken there's nae real comfort

Yer surely daft—na, waur than daft—to sell the joys o'  
hame, [shame  
For drink that mak's ye sic' a fule, gar's e'en yer doug think  
It freezes luvè—it kills respec'—it mak's ye no yersel';  
An' waur than a', ye're like a bear baith to the bairns an'  
Nell.

An' sic a fricht, the ither nicht, we gat when ye were fou',  
Ye said ye were in some dark pit, 'mang diels and bogles  
blue—

The very sweat brak' on yer face, yer hair stood a' on en',  
An' Nell, puir body, ran like wud to fetch the neebors ben.

Wee Jock has scarce a trouser left—Wee Jeanie's frock is  
thin—

An' as for me, my very banes are stickin' thro my skin;

Yer ain coat's fa'in' aff yer back—ye've scarce a sark ava—  
An' Nell, yer wife, I'm wae to see, rin bare-fit 'mang the  
snaw.

An' I were you, an' had like you, a wife an' twa sic weans,  
I'd toil for them, tho' I sud wear my fingers to the banes ;  
The precious clink ye spen' on drink, wad busk them oot  
sae braw [blaw.  
An mak their cheeks, sae pale an' thin, like simmer roses

O waes me ! an' ye dinna men', I fear the bairnies baith,  
Will sune be wi' their sister in the cauld, cauld hoose o' death;  
But wad ye tak a manly thocht, an' break the whisky jug,  
'Twad mak' yer hame a paradise an' me a happy doug.

---

## The Clock and the Bellows.

THERE's truth in the auld sayin'—as experience can tell—  
That "Harkeners but seldom hear a guid word o' themsel' ;"  
Even when twa neebor gossips meet, wi' clashin' tongues  
accurst,  
To rip ane's character to rags, they tak' the failings first.

But when folk stan' at neebors' doors inquisitive to hear,  
They weel deserve a random prog frae scandal's venom'd  
spear ; [hole ;  
It's no for ony guid they come an' keek through ane's key-  
But in a bodie's ain hoose, siccan things are hard to thole !

Ae simmer nicht—the fire shone bricht, the ribs were like  
 a kiln,  
 Jist after I had ta'en o' brose an' guid sweet milk my fill—  
 But whether 'twas the book I read, the sweet milk, or the  
 brose,  
 It matters nae—but in my chair I fell into a doze.

The lamp gaed oot, the fire grew laigh, a' roun' was silence  
 deep,  
 But yet for a' sae snug's I felt, somehow I couldna sleep;  
 Then, by-an'-by, I seemed to hear a sough o' risin' win',  
 As if to blaw the fire themsel' the bellows had begun.

Astonishment sae held me down, I tried, but couldna stir,  
 When something in my wee Swiss clock began to whiz an'  
 whirr,  
 An' syne in words the soun's took shape, in clinkin' verse  
 they ran—  
 In earnest colloquy the twa, alternate, thus began:—

## BELLows.

“Haud still a wee, auld waggity! the maister's sleepin'  
 soun',  
 I ken when frae his han' I see the book fa' birlin' doun:  
 I like to see the bodie sleep, it speaks o' soothing rest,  
 For mortals in their waukin' hours, they say, are seldom  
 blest.

I'm wearit hingin' here my lane, on nail beside the jam,  
 Like some auld fiddle wantin' strings, or reekit braxy ham,  
 Wi' naebody to speak to me, no' even a cat or doun,  
 While you wi' everlastin' tick, ye never fash yor lug.

It canna' be a pleasant thocht—noo that he's getting auld—  
To come hame to a fireless hearth, a hoose sae dark an'  
cauld—

The bed to mak', the flair to soop, to ken'le his bit fire,  
His wee bit hoosie, at the best, as touzie as a byre.

I won'er what he wad ha'e dune had it no' been for me.  
To blaw his fire an' sen' the lowe up dancin' owre the swee ;  
O then to see hoo blythe he looks, it's a' the bliss I ha'e,  
An' whiles I think mak's up for a' the sorrows o' the day.

Sae close he steeks the window brods, ane canna see the  
gleam

O' gowden day unless a ray come glintin' through the seam ;  
My very heart within me fails ilk morn when he gaes oot,  
A cauldrie shiver owre me creeps doun to the very snout.

Anither sort o' hame 'twad be, had he some thrifty quean  
To mak' his bed an' warm his heart wi' her love-lichted een ;  
Depend upon't, my wee Swiss frien', the sum o' human life  
Is to possess, at ony cost, a jewel o' a wife.

CLOCK.

O haud yer whist, ye silly gowk ! ye've nae richt to com-  
plain,

Oor maister has sae pettit ye, yer waur than ony wean ;  
Nor tho' ye were his only bairn could ye be better nursed,  
Till noo, wi' sloth an' idleness yer very life is cursed.

It's no'—ye'll min', that I'm exposed to hardship or neglect,  
No, Guid be prais'd ! he treats *me* aye wi' honour an' respect ;  
I tak' the owre-sicht o' the house, his treasurer o' time,  
An' measure oot the moments, as he measures oot his rhyme.

A wife! a wife! is a' yer cry; the creature's fair gane gyte—  
 Some randy-guid-for-naething slut to roar an' rant an' flyte—  
 Wha's rauckle tongue frae morn till nicht wad like a clapper  
     gang,  
 An' in her tantrums, to the wa' whiles fling ye wi' a bang.

Ye talk o' thrifty, scourin' wives! ye'll scarce fin' sic a thing;  
 Sic wives are no' the fashion noo, frae earth they've a ta'en  
     wing; [ease—  
 A servant noo maun dae the wark, the *mistress* tak' her  
 But gi'e her a piano-fort' she'll rin ye owre the keys,—

Kens half a dizzen languages, yet canna spell her ain,—  
 Deep read in science, she can tell a fossil means a stane;  
 But set her to a washin'-tub, or doun to scrub a flair,  
 She'd skirl awa' into a fit or fent clean aff her chair.

Sae hand yer tongue! auld puff-the-win', be thankfu' ye're  
     sae weel,  
 An' thankfu' be ilk day—*like me*—ye hae a maister leal;  
 The greatest bliss o' clocks an' men, springs frae a life weel  
     spent,  
 And e'en a bach'lor's bellowses should learn to be content.

## BELLOWES.

It's easy freen' for you to speak! wha can divert yoursel',  
 Ye ha'e yer pen'lum aye to wag, yer hammer an' yer bell;  
 While I ha'e naething to amuse, no' e'en a breath o' win',  
 Till maister tak's me by the han' at e'en when he comes in.

Noo were he blest wi' a sweet wife—for I maun still maintain  
 The greatest bliss a man can ha'e, is in a wife an' wean—

She'd keep the hoose aye in a steer, an' aye a cheery fire,  
While on her knee richt cozily I'd blaw me till I'd tire.

The bairnies playin' on the hearth, or sportin' roun' her knee,  
Their ringin' laugh like siller bells wad keep the hoose in  
glee;  
The life o' kindred sauls when wed, is heaven on earth begun,  
The hame that wants dear woman's smile's a worl' without  
a sun.

I grant that 'mang the middle-class, the wives are owre  
genteel,  
But sic are no' for workin'-men, an' that ye ken fu' weel!  
Puir workin'-lasses haena time for ony sic like sport,  
The washin'-tub or pirn-wheel is their piano-fort'.

Puir things! *they're* no' oppress'd wi' lear, they're no lang  
at the schule  
Till they maun trudge awa' to work in warehooose or in mill;  
An' though e'en to the marriage bond they canna sign their  
name,  
They mak' guid through-gan' wives nae less—sweet dears!  
they're no' to blame.

## CLOCK.

Ay, e'en the lasses noo-a-days wha marry workin'-men  
Tak' no'er a thocht, when they get wed, but hoo to waste  
an' spen'; [room,  
A ten-pound rent noo they maun ha'e, wi' a braw furnish'd  
But whaur the siller's to come frae, they never fash their  
thoom.

A sofa for their lazy sides, noo naething will dae less—  
 Their quiltit coats, their crinolines, an' faldarals o' dress;  
 An' should the man but say a word, she'll runckle up her  
     nose,  
 Syne gie her head a saucy toss, an' bid him mind his brose.

She lies till aucht (whiles nearer nine) like ony lazy drone,  
 Then, when at len'th she wauchels up, her claes she hudders on,  
 An' ere she gets the pat to boil, she wastes as mony sticks  
 On ae bit fire, as ony carefu' quean wad dae on six.

Her man, as punctual as *myself*, comes in exac' at nine,  
 But sic a mess o' scouthart meal! fit only for a swine; [legs,  
 Puir chiel! he's glad to scart them oot to keep him on his  
 But ance he's oot her *leddyship* maun feast on ham an' eggs.

Then 'stead o' snoddin' up her hoose, she busks her kind o'  
     braw,  
 An' to ilk neebor in the lan' she gies a frien'ly ca'; [wink  
 They praise her dress, her hoose, her gear, while paukily they  
 Ilk to the ither, while she sen's oot for a drap o' drink.

Then Scandal wags her wicked tongue, the clash gaes freely  
     roun'; [doon;  
 Meanwhile they manufacture lees wad bring a judgment  
 Thus, bit by bit they bring her in, till she's as bad's the lave,  
 And ten to ane she dinna fa' into a drunkard's grave.

An' as for weans, I ne'er could thole sic clatty steerin' things,  
 They'd ding my pen'lum aff the hinge, and harl my very  
     strings;  
 O' you they'd mak a hurly-cart, an' kytch ye owre the flair—  
 I wish ye had ae week o' them! ye wadna grien for mair!



Oor ain dear maister tak' a wife ! he'll ne'er be sic a fule !  
Na, na ! they pay owre dear for lear in matrimony's schule ;  
Sae wi' yer praise o' woman-kind nae langer me molest,  
A life o' single blessedness, depend on't, is the best !

## BELLOWS.

Guid pity on the lovely dears ! an' men were a' like him,  
The worl' wad be a wilderness, deserted, cauld an' toom ;  
We'd hae to steek its windows up, an' 'boon the door-head  
get  
A brod to tell the planet folk we had a worl' to let.

But hark ye weel, auld ting-a-ling ! ye're no' unlike himsel',  
A narrow-hearted selfish thing, as ever was heard tell ;  
Ye're baith sae used wi' bach'lorhood, an' gane the gate sae  
lang,  
Like heathen folks wha boo to stocks, ye dinna ken its  
wrang.

In time o' health, it may be fun to lichtly wife an wean,  
But wait till sickness lays him doun upon a bed o' pain ;  
When there's nae couthie kindly han' to wipe his clammy  
broo,  
Nor mak' the needfu' cordial to wet his burnin' mou'.

Nor only wi' her woman's han' to lichten his distress,  
But a' an angel's tenderness to soothe, caress, an' bless ;  
O it will be an awfu' thocht, when he lies doun to dee,  
That nae saft lips are there to kiss—nae han' to close his ee !

I kepna if it's want o' wit, or want o' heart, or fear  
That the expense wad mak' a hole in his weel-hoarded gear,

Or whether 'tis he's gettin' auld—for 'tweel he's growin' grey—

I rather think it's want o' pluck, lest he should be said nay.

I sometimes think—I may be wrang—the bodie's scarce himsel',

But somewhat crackit in the head, jist like yer ain auld bell;

But keep yer temper my weefreen', tho' you should preach a' nicht,

I'll stan' my ain for wife an' wean! I ken I'm in the richt!

## CLOCK.

Ye're in the richt! of course ye are! an' I'll be in the wrang;

Say that again! I'll heave at ye my wechts wi' sic a bang!

I'll learn ye hoo to speak to them that's better than yersel—

*Ye'll* ha'e the baseness to cast up to me my crackit bell!

Ye micht be thankfu' that ye ha'e a steady freen' like me,

Wha dae my best baith day an' nicht to bear ye company:

But 'stead o' thanks, ye gie me still the warst names ye can ca',

The mair a body does, the mair *their back's held to the wa'*.

But though the maister took a wife, an' brocht her hame the morn, [an' worn;

D'ye think she'd keep a thing like you? sae breathless, auld,

I'll keep my credit an' my place, whatever may befa',

But you for whitnin, or for saut, wad soon be swapt awa'.

---

But ere the bellows could reply—to end this wordy war—

I startit to my feet, an' flang the window brods ajar;

An' lo! owre a' the kindlin' east the young Aurora blushed,  
I listened for the sounds again, but a' was saftly hushed.

I lay an' listened in my bed, but ne'er a ane played cheep,  
Though ance I thocht I heard the bellows sabbin' in my  
sleep;  
Sometimes I rue I didna wait that nicht to hear the rest o't,  
For to this day I canna say whilk o' them had the best o't.

---

### The Bachelor to his Auld Bellowws.

My guid auld trusty bellowses, like me ye're wearin' dune,  
Yer cracket sides an' shugglie brods 'll scarce haud in the  
win';

Ye helplessly fa' frae my han' when I attempt to blaw,  
While the bit lifter thing below 'll no play clank ava.

Yer kyte that day I brocht ye hame was steeve as ony drum,  
An' mony a cart o' coals to me ye've blawn richt up the  
lum,

An' mony a bonnie bow o' meal in parritch ye hae made,  
That stood their lane upon the spoon like divot on a spade.

Yet ne'er a bit! ye've ser'd me weel—an't hadna been for  
thee,

A weary time I'd haen to wait my cheerie cup o' tea;  
Tho' whiles ye made a dander o' my haddie or my toast,  
Ye couldna help it—to be sure—I kent that to my cost.

Like wean, new-fangled wi' a toy, that nicht I coft ye new,  
Upon a stool, afore the fire, I blustert an' I blew,  
While like a blacksmith at his forge I reekit an' I swat,  
Till down the soot cam' wi' a bout and fill'd my parritch  
pat!

It fill'd my mouth, my nose, my een, it gart me hoast an  
sneeze,

But a' the while I didna ken the lum was in a bleeze;  
Sae up I sprang, a pailfu' brocht o' water frae the sink,  
Put oot the flame, while there ye lay afloat in dubs o' ink.

O, mony a roarin' fire we've had, an' cozy hearth sin' then,  
Aye thankfu' that a darker cloud ne'er fell on oor fire-en';  
An' when ye ken't up the bleeze, my heart warm'd wi' the  
glow,  
While ilka object in the hoose shone in the blithesome lowe.

When bairns against the winnock pressed their noses braid  
to see

The sparks like spunkies tak' the lum, or Salamanders flee,  
They leuch to see the dancin' lowe, an' clapt ilk buffy han',  
An' to ilk ither whisperin' spak' about the crazy man.

Be thankfu' ye were never worn by wastefu' woman's han',  
Or langere this ye wad hae been hung up in spout or pawn,—  
That steerin' weans were ne'er allow'd wi' ye to sport an'  
play,

Nor stap yer nozzle in the ribs as I hae seen them dae.

I'll no say women folks are a' to misbehaviour gi'en;  
Na, Guid forbid!—Ah! that reminds me o' my darlin' Jean,  
The idol o' my youthful heart, but death took her awa';  
To keep awa' the thocht o't yet, aft gars me hotch an' blaw.

Nor could a mither's only bairn than you mair daunted be,  
Like infant in it's minnie's lap, ye've lain across my knee,—  
My beuk-brod aft, my table whiles, my dask in time o'  
    need,  
For on yer back my rustic muse has written mony a screed.

But dinna fear, auld Sough-the-win', that noo I'll fling ye  
    doun,  
Or sell or swap ye frae my aught to ony tinker loon;  
Rather than see a frien' sae leal gang ony siccan roads,  
I'd mak' a poker o' yer stroop, twa pat lids o' yer brods.

Na, even that I winna dae; I'll rather tak' ye doun,  
An' get yer auld ribs clad anew, in leather stout an' brown.  
My ain auld buffs, are no jist dune, sae we'll jist wag awa',  
An' keep cauld puirtith frae the hearth while we hae breath  
    to blaw.

---

### The Wee Swiss Clock.

I'LL croon ye a sang aboot an article richt sma',  
A wee auld-fashioned waggity that clicks upon the wa',  
The cantiest, the jauntiest, o' a' my hoosehold stock,  
A wee conceit, a perfect treat, a wee Swiss clock.

O, I'm a bachelor bodie, in a wee hoose, a' my lane,  
Wha ne'er kent the pleasure o' a wifie or a wean;  
O, I hae milk, an' I hae meal, an' taties in a pock,  
But nane to speak a couthie word except my wee clock.

Awa' wi' yer cankered wives ! yer greetin' wéans, gae wa' !  
'Twad tak' a langer purse than mine to keep sic bodies braw ;  
Yer wife maun hae a satin gown, wee Jeanie a new frock,  
But né'er a maik it costs to cleed my wee Swiss clock.

As merry as a cricket, while as musical its tones—  
Nae auld clumsy codger like yer dreary aucht-day drones ;  
It's wee bit face ye'll scarcely see 'twixt flee-dirt and the smoke,  
Yet ne'er the less it wags awa', my ain wee clock !

Its wee fairy pendulum sae waggishly it flings,  
While early in the morning it rumbles and it rings—  
As if it said, " Get up ye loon ! like ither decent folk,  
And aye keep waggin' at yer wark, jist like yer wee clock."

And when I sit me down at e'en to croodle owre a sang,  
By my ain cozy fire when the nichts grow drear and lang ;  
Patchin' up my auld breeks, or darnin' at a sock ;  
I aye tak' the key-note frae my ain wee clock.

There's something in the human heart that cleaves to meaner  
things,  
Than ivy to the ruin'd wa' mair lovingly it clings—  
There's room within the lovin' heart for a' the human flock,  
Forbye an orra corner left for e'en a wee clock.

O mony a weary winter's nicht, when lyin' a' my lane,  
The win's roarin' doun the lum, while clashin' fa's the rain,  
Wi' naething yont me but the wa', and nae ane at the stock,  
I'm thankfu o' the company o' e'en a wee clock.

It's no—keep mind—that I repine, or think mysel' ill-used ;  
Dame Fortune's gift e'en when possessèd are aften sair abused ;

Far better wi' an empty hoose than fu' o' selfish folk,  
Wha haena half the sympathy o' e'en a wee clock!

But O, I kenna what I'll dae, should my wee clock gae wrang;  
When I dinna hear its blithesome "tick," I'll sing anither  
sang—

I'd hae to get a wifie then, tho' that wad be nae joke,  
But even then I couldna want my wee Swiss clock!

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## The Frichtit Wean.

### PART FIRST.

O WHAUR'LL I gae hide, mither? t'will be a nicht o' dool,  
Ye'll no guess what I saw the nicht, as I cam' frae the  
schule?

For comin' by the public-hoose, the door wide open flew,  
An' O, I saw my faither there, an' he was swearin' fou.

I winna sleep a wink the nicht, to bed I winna gae—  
An' mither, when I ken he's fou, for him I canna pray;  
For O, sic awfu' words he says to you, his wifie-dear,  
My very heart louns to my mouth, whene'er his fit I hear.

Twas jist the ither week, mither, we lay upon the stair,  
When three times roun' an' roun' the hoose he harl'd ye by  
the hair;

'Twas surely awfu' cruelty, when naething had ye dune—  
To use his wife an' bairnie sae, maun surely be a sin.

An' a' that lea lang nicht, mither, ae wink I couldna' rest,  
Though roun' an' roun' ye happit me, like birdie in its nest,  
For aye ye laid yer burnin' broo upon my cozie cheek,  
An' aye ye sabbit to yersel, altho' ye didna speak.

My head was fu' o' waefu' thochts, my heart was fu' o'  
pain,

For aye yer tears upon my cheek fell doon like simmer rain ;  
An' aye we heard his smother'd oaths, oot thro the steekit  
door, [snore.

At length he fell doon frae his chair, and loud began to

An' then ye slippit in, mither, when he was sleepin' soun',  
An' in the bed, yont by the wa', ye laid me saftly doon ;  
An' syne ye stood, wi' claspit han's an' breath'd this wee  
short prayer—

“O God, preserve my innocent frae sorrow, sin, an' care.”

Then gently, as an angel might, ye rais'd my faither's head,  
An' slip't aneath the feather cod, brought frae yer ain saft  
bed ;

I thocht me o' his cruelty, I thocht me o' his sin,  
An' won'ert ye could be sae kind, for a' that he had dune.

An' there, until the stars gaed oot, ye sat yer leesom' lane—  
An' a' that nicht the kin'ly moon look'd thro' the window  
pane ;

An' aye upon yer han's, mither. ye press'd yer burnin' broo,  
While frae yer fingers hung the tears, like draps o' mornin'  
dew.

Then, after a' that ye had done for him, jist only think,  
Ye had to pawn yer petticoat next morn to gie him drink ;



O fould me to thy breast, mither, an' rock me on thy knee,  
An' 'twerna for my mither's love what wad become o' me?

Last Monday, at the schule, mither, they tellt me to my face,  
To be a drucken faither's wean, was warst o' a' disgrace;  
The bluid gied flushin' to my broo, my cheeks grew red wi'  
shame— [hame.  
Sae blindit were my een wi' tears I scarce kent the road

But, wae's my heart, they dinna ken how muckle we've to dae,  
Or else sic cruel, cruel words, to me they wadna say;  
They ne'er were sick for want o' meat, nor cauld for want  
o' coal—  
They hae but little sympathy wha ne'er had ocht to thole.

An' when, on simmer Sunday noons, I lonely tak' a turn,  
To gather gowans on the braes, or king-cups by the burn,  
To meet them, dress'd a' in their best, it fills my heart wi'  
pain— [wean."  
They gie their heads a toss an' say, "It's drucken Sandy's

An' sae I creep oot o' their sicht to hide me in the shaw,  
Whaur owre me, like my mither's arms, the branches kin'ly  
fa';  
The wee primroses frae the grass look up wi kin'ly e'e,  
While to my ears the win' brings sangs frae lovin' bird an'  
bee.

An' whiles I steek my een, mither, an' O what visions come,  
While sweeter far than Robin's sang, or wild bee's joyous  
hum,  
Come sangs an' lovin' voices afloatin' a' aroun',  
An' gowden wings come flashin' thro the simmer-lift aboon.

An' then my thochts flee back, mither, to some forgotten day—

When faither seems a gentleman, an' you a lady gay,

An' ye are walkin' arm and arm—like bridegroom an' his bride—

An' he his ain wee lassie ca's his darlin' an' his pride.

But then the wimplin' burn, mither, becomes a river wide,  
Withouten din its waters rin, nae rocks its stream divide,  
An' some ane whispers, I maun cross that braid deep stream  
o' death—

But first the blue forget-me-nots I gather to ye baith.

But, hark ! what's that upon the stair ? Was that a fit I heard ?

My frichtit heart, within my breast, is flickerin' like a bird ;

O hide me in thy bosom, mither, an' rock me on thy knee—

An' 'twerna for my mither's love, this nicht I maist could dee.

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#### PART SECOND.

O dinna spcak sic words, my bairn, they mak' thy mither wae,

An' dinna let thy wee heart grieve, whate'er thy faither dae,

But cuddle in my bosom noo, my darlin' an' my pride !

I lo'e my ain wee lassie mair than a' the world beside.

Whate'er misfortune may befa', or darkness gather roun,  
It winna alter my strong faith in Him wha dwells aboon ;  
Ayont the darkest winter-cloud, the sun shines tho' unseen,  
On mirkest nichts the stars glint doon, like bonnie angels'  
een.

Sae Hope's wee starrie in my heart, lights up the cloud o' care,

To win thy faither frae the drink I dinna yet despair;  
An' to that God wha lo'es the lost, for him still let us pray—  
To God still cleave—the first, the best, the only frien' we ha'e.

But tell me hoo can ane sae young, still dream o' joys lang syne,

Like sprigs o' thyme, 'tween mem'ry's leaves, come past joys  
back to min'?

Thy faither was the best o' men, the triggest on the green,  
That day I was his wedded bride, I thocht mysel' a queen.

An' like a king upon his throne he filled oor muckle chair,  
An' a' the oors he spent wi' me he frae his wark could spare;  
An' hoo his lovin' heart, wi' joy beat in his manly breast,  
When first within her mither's arms his ain wee wean he  
kiss'd!

But ah! ere lang, the tempter cam' an' drew him frae my  
side—

Intemp'rance bore him like a ship that's driftin' wi' the tide.  
An' as a noble ship is dashed upon a stormy coast,  
Oor happy hame becam' a wreck, an' a' its treasures lost.

My faither was a wealthy laird, had horses, sheep, an' kye,  
Braidfields that waved wi' yellow corn, an' mickle gear forbye;  
He pled wi' me baith day an' nicht, to lea yer faither dear,  
But O! to leave him to himsel', the thocht I couldna bear.

Sae in his wrath he curs'd his bairn, in words o' scorn an'  
hate;

He left my name oot o' his will—he left me to my feto;

Ilk frien' I had deserted me for daein' what was richt—  
Nor will I rue what I hae done, tho' I should dee this nicht.

I winna leave him to himsel', if, God! it be thy will,  
He was the choice o' my young heart—an' oh! I lo'e him  
still;  
An' O, upon my knees—I ask, let me not ask in vain,  
Restore my husband to my heart, a faither to my wean!

Yes! lovin' heart! thy Father hears in heaven thy earnest  
cry—  
That God wha lifts the lowly up, looks doon frae yonder sky;  
An' he has ta'en thy precious tears to deck his kingly crown,  
See noo, the dawn o' better days, thy nicht o' sorrow flown.

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## PART THIRD.

An' still the mither's couthie han' her darlin' wean caress'd,  
While she, like a wee frichtit doo, still close an' closer press'd;  
The shilpit cat upon the hearth kept up a purrin' din,  
While thro' the winnock on them baith the moon kept  
glowrin' in.

In ilka corner o' the hoose cauld poortith might be seen;—  
The furniture nae doot was scant, yet a' was snod an' clean—  
A pickle meal far doon the pock was a' there present store—  
But, hark!—she hears a weel ken't han' play dirl upon the  
door.

Clink gaed the sneck, an' syne the door flew open wi' a bang;  
An' doon before her on the floor, himsel' the truant flang;

Wi' ruefu' face an' quiverin' lips, he tried, but couldna speak,  
While tears, lang strangers to his face, ran coursin' doon his  
cheek.

An' hae I sic a noble wife? an' hae I sic a wean?  
Sic love to a puir wretch like me, wad melt a hear o' stane.  
O! if a life o' soberness to ye will mak' amen's,  
This nicht my life o' recklessness an' sinfu' drinkin' ends;

An' if I'm only spard to see anither mornin's licht,  
I'll gang an' join the temp'rance folks, syne toil wi' a' my  
nicht; [joy—  
Sae dicht thy een, my ain true wife—I see they're tears o'  
Thy Sandy ne'er shall gi'e thee pain—nae mair thy peace  
destroy.

An' come to me, my ain dear bairn! sweet angel o' my hame,  
Thou'lt ne'er ha'e cause to blush for me, nor hide thy head  
wi' shame;  
While stan'in at the door this nicht, I heard thy ilka word,  
An' ilka ane gae'd thro' my heart, like to a fiery sword.

O God! but gi'e me health an' strength, I'll toil wi' nicht  
an' main,  
To mak' my life a blessin' to my wife an' my wean;  
An' in thy ain Almighty strength still let me firmly trust,  
Nae mair to Bacchus let me boo degraded in the dust!

An' Sandy Seaton kept his word, they ha'e nae poortith noo,  
Wi' ilka thing their hearts could wish—their hames are  
packit fu',  
He's got a business o' his ain, wi' maist a score o' men;  
An' ta'en a cottage at the coast, wi' rooms baith but and ben.

O' bairnies tod'lin' in an' oot, they've mair than ane or twa,  
 An' tho' he's siller in the bank, o' that he doesna blaw ;  
 Noo, a' his thocht is hoo to keep his wife an' bairnies bien,  
 For costly dress, his bonnie Bess dings a' the neebors clean.

Yet while's upon her bonnie broo, there lights a cloud o' care,  
 When a' are gather'd roun the hearth, there's still an' empty  
 chair ;

While memory unlocks the past an' brings a stoun o' pain,  
 An' aye the tears come hapin' doun for her wee frichtit wean.

The wee thing's heart ran owre wi' joy to see things gang  
     sae weel, [seal,  
 But ah ! pale death, wi' ruthless han', had set on her his  
 Yet aye she ga'd aboot the hoose, an' smil'd upon them a',  
 Till cam' the spring when birdies sing an' flowers begin to  
     blaw.

Then simmer frae her rosy lap, her honied treasure shed,  
 But on the bairnie's wee saft cheek the hectic rose had spread,  
 An' when the harvest-sickle gleam'd amang the gowden  
     grain,  
 The angels bore to heav'n awa' the puir wee frichtit wean.

## The Burnie.

HEY, bonnie burnie ! loupin' doon the dell,  
 Like a happy maiden singin' to thysel'—  
 Like a modest maiden hidin' frae the view,  
 Whaur the wavin' hazel rocks the cushie doo.

Come an' rest thee, burnie ! these coolin' shades amang,  
Syne gae on thy journey singin' thy glad sang ;  
While the dazzlin' sun o' June beeks wi' burnin' glare,  
Here wi' me, wee burnie, this leafy shelter share.

Ye're wimplin' aff, wee burnie ! I see ye winna bide,  
Then let me bear thee company, an' wan'er by thy side ;  
'Tween restlessness an' idleness, the first is aye the best,—  
On earth, for man or burnie, there's nae abidin' rest.

I aften think, wee burnie, there's something in thy sang  
That lifts the burden o' my care, an' draws me frae the  
  thrang ;  
That stirs the fount o' memory, an' opes the mystic well,  
Whence sweet emotions o' the heart come gushin' like  
  thysel'.

Hey, bonnie burnie, whaur are ye stealin' noo ?  
In beneath the willow bank, clean oot o' view ;  
Keekin' into corners whaur the rattan glides,  
Into gloomy chambers whaur the otter hides.

Noo amang the pebbles, dancin' in the sun,  
Whaur the lambsies on thy banks fecht in their fun ;  
Wheelin' roun' the grey rock, tumlin' owre the linn,  
Plunging in the dark pool wi' a roarin' din.

Ca' aboot the mill wheel, lay the risin' stour :  
Yonder stan's the miller, white a' owre wi' flour ;  
Syne ye'll reach the clachan raw, whaur I leve mysel'—  
Hark the distant anvil ringin' like a bell !

See yon blue reek curlin' owre aboon the trees,  
Whaur the thrifty villagers toil like busy bees—

Whaur the lauchin' bairnies, wadin' to the knee,  
Chase among the chuckie stanes the dartin' minnows wee.

Jouk atween their stumpy legs, dinna jaup the dears—  
Source to us o' mony joys, mony hopes an' fears.  
O the ringin' melody o' bairnies at their play!  
O that I were fu' o' life, an' free o' care as they!

Swirl about the stappin' stanes, whaur yon maiden fair  
Wistfu' looks into thy wave while she snods her hair;  
Seein' in thy crystal the picture o' hersel',  
Blushes while she gazes, why she canna tell.

Poised upon ae lily foot, swithers ere she springs—  
Aft syne like a butterfly borne on breezy wings;  
Tell me, bonnie burnie, did ye ever see  
A flower in a' thy bosky haunts half so fair as she?

Whiles I think, wee burnie, as on yer way ye glide,  
Ye lengthen sair yer journey, ye wan'er sae wide;  
Turnin' an' twinin' roun' ilk bank an' brae,  
While through holm or meadow wad be the nearest way.

Unlike the lords o' commerce, wi' road and wi' rail,  
Boring through the mountain, bridgin' owre the vale;  
While, like an arrow whizzin' owre the plain,  
The steam horse bears onward the truck an' the train.

There's nae doubt, wee burnie, wi' a' oor eager haste  
To reach the winnin' post o' wealth, life's treasures we  
waste;  
So bent on the bauble we ettle aye to win,  
The best o' life's blessings we lee far behin'.



Like thee, bonnie burnie, I'll try the wiser plan,  
Aye linger 'mang life's bosky nooks as lang as I can :  
The wisest amang us has mickle yet to learn—  
Experience mak's a' the odds betwixt the man an' bairn.

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### The Bonnie Wee Flower.\*

O DEARLY I lo'e a bonnie wee flower,  
That blooms on the dun hillside,  
Where the crimson heath waves owre the broo o' the burn,  
An' the foxglove flaunts in its pride.

O, it isna the bonnie blue-bell o' the heath,  
That nods on its wiry stem—  
The wee modest violet sae darkly blue,  
Nor the daisy's gowden gem.

But dearer to me, it's sae winsome an' wee,  
Sae blythsome, sae bonnie, sae blue ;  
An' sae lowly it grows 'mang the green-feather moss,  
A' beaded wi' mornin' dew.

The sun it may beek, an' the showers may daud,  
An' the storm winds whistle an' blaw,  
An' the rain-flooded burn 'tween its banks row broon,  
Yet it blooms in spite o' them a'.

\* The blue milk-wort (*polygala*.) A flower that (in my estimation) might not inappropriately be termed the "Forget-me-not" of our Scottish heaths.

It charms nae the e'e o' the man o' the worl',  
For his heart it has nae love to spare.  
Yet the leem o' its beauty fa's lowne on the heart  
That lo'es a' things bonnie an' fair,

Yet a spirit there dwells in the wee blue flower  
That melts e'en the heart o' the airn,  
When it lights up the depths o' dear woman's dark e'e,  
Or dimples the cheek o' the bairn.

An' thou hast thy mission, my bonnie wee flower !  
Like him wha beside thee lies,  
To cheer the lorn heart in this desert o' life,  
An' brichten the path to the skies.

An' the time will yet come when the leddies an' lords  
O' creation, the big an' the wee,  
Will break the vain toys that amuse them to-day,  
An' tak' pleasure in objects like thee.

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### Scotch Mist.

OH, the weary Scotch mist ! oh, the dreary Scotch mist,  
That fa's wi' sae little din,  
That weets the puir Scotchman into the sark—  
“The Englishman into the skin.”

Oh, the wearisome mist ! oh, the wilderin' mist !  
Will the sun never mair blink through ?  
An' show o'er the taps o' the mist-shrouded hills,  
A bonnie wee winnock o' blue.

Oh, the poutherin' mist! oh, the queer hielan' mist!  
Far better an even-doun pour,  
Or the bellowing blast, that gaes hurrying past,  
To scatter the white hail shower.

I've read my ae volume through an' through—  
My newspaper owre again,  
An' aye a lang e'e through the window I cast  
To the hills, as they loom through the rain.

See! yonder the mist-queen is liftin' her robe,  
A sign it will sune be fair,  
Sune the sunlicht'll stream through a rift in yon cloud,  
To gladden puir mortals ance mair.

Oh, joy! see the sky opes its bosom o' blue,  
The clouds wear the tints o' the snaw.  
A' rowin' and glowin' in glory ance mair,  
As they sail to the nor'ard awa'.

Sae noo, I'll awa' to my haunts in the glen,  
Whaur, thron'd on a rock 'neath the trees,  
I'll watch the rain pearls as they sparkling fa',  
When scatter'd to earth by the breeze.

I'll climb the grey boulders that elbow the burn,  
In search o' the bonnie oak fern,  
As the burn in its glee, hurries doun to the sea,  
Frae its source in yon mountain tarn.

How saft blaws the win' owre the bonnie blue loch,\*  
The leaves how they dance on the tree,  
An' the wee drookit flowers lift their heads as I pass,  
To nod a kind welcome to me.

\* Loch Goll, where the foregoing was written.

## The Muse on Forbidden Ground;

OR, THE BLEACHING GREEN.

Oh! dearly I lo'e a' things pure, white, and bonnie—

The white clouds o' simmer, in winter the snaw ;

The ship's cloudy sails gleamin' white in the distance,

As gaily she speeds ower the blue waves awa' ;

The gowans that lift to the sun their fair bosoms ;

The wee friskly lambs, dancin' wud on the braes ;

Yet fairer than either, on bonnie June weather,

To me is the sicht o' a bleachin' o' claes.

Sae halsome an' pure, an' sae clean an' sae caller,

They wave in the wind or be-dapple the green ;

Whaur lichtly they lie, on the sweet-scented clover,

Refreshin' the air, an' bewitchin' the een.

Awa' wi' your claes bleach'd in courts an' back alleys,

As gray as a dish-clout wi' reek, dust, an' grease ;

But gie me a sark aff the grass an' the gowans,

Weel beek't in the sunshine, an' dried in the breeze.

See here!—Sic a medley o' short-gowns an' mutches,

White frocks for the bairnies, and sarks for the men;—

Sic dainty belongings to mithers and maidens,

Whase names an' whase uses we've nae richt to ken.

It's no the white hue that sae charms an' delichts me,

O' peenies, and daidlies, an' young lasses' brows ;

But thick risin' visions o' hame-thrift and beauty,

Inwove wi' sic treasures o' linen an' gauze.

See yonder white sark!—sae weel worn an' weel mendit—  
Speaks volumes o' ane wha does a' that she can,  
Wi' thrift an' guid guidin', to mak' her hame cosie,  
An' comfort the heart o' her couthie guidman.

I see the tann'd arm, wi' its muscles sae brawnie,  
The horny han' graspin' the hammer or plane;  
Sae blest in the love o' his wife and bairnies,  
His toil he counts pleasure, his poortith his gain.

Wha's aucht thae wee hose that lie bleechin' sae bonnie  
Beside that nicht-gownie sae spotless an fair?  
Nae doot they belang to some wee toddlin' bodie—  
The idol o' hame an' a fond mither's care.

Ah Death! dinna envy that hame o' its treasure!  
Oh, sere nae the bud in the spring o' life's years!  
Forbid the fond mither should e'er bend in sorrow  
Ower ae wee bit drawer she has water'd wi' tears!

Wha's aucht yon fair something wi' lace roun' the bosom?  
Nae doot some sweet vision wi' shouthers like snaw.  
I daurna bide langer to muse on sic ferlies—  
They'd clean turn my head, sae I'll aff an awa'.

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### Oor Bonnie Wee Bairns.

*Air—"LUCY'S FLITTIN'."*

To me Caledonia, how dear are thy mountains,  
Thy hills o' red heather, and dark waving ferns,  
I lo'e thy deep glens, wi' their clear gushin' fountains,  
But dearer than a', are thy bonnie wee bairns!

In toons on the pavement, in fields 'mang the gowans,  
Wherever I meet them my heart to them yearns.  
Their een like wee starries, their lips like red rowans,  
It mak's me feel young when I gaze on thy bairns,

The raptures o' him wha is blest wi' a dearie,  
Nae auld bach'lor bodie need e'er think to learn—  
The coziest hame aye seems dowie an' eerie,  
Till sunn'd wi' the smile o' a bonnie wee bairn.

The laurel o' fame on my broo wad soon wither,  
For riches an' grandeur still less am I carin',  
But gie me the bliss o' a leal-hearted faither,  
When first to his bosom he clasps his wee bairn.

Yon statesman wha toils for oor guid, an' oor glory—  
Yon hero wha fechts, while he gallantly earns  
A name an' a place in the annals o' story,  
Ance danc'd on the green wi' oor bonnie wee bairns.

Oor bards o' langsyne still enliven an' cheer us,  
The martyrs still speak frae their auld mossy cairns,  
While the bluid that ance fir'd oor auld poets an' heroes,  
Still mantles the cheeks o' oor bonnie wee bairns.

Can there be a faither sae base an' unfeelin',  
As squan'er the wee pickle siller he earns;  
When death's icy fingers are roun' his heart stealin',  
He'll min' the sad looks o' his wee hunger't bairns.

Then, O! let us keep their wee hearts frae temptation,  
The loon wha wad wrang them I'd hae put in airns;  
The glory an' pride o' oor auld Scottish nation—  
Her health an' her wealth, are her blithesome wee bairns.

## Oor Scottish Warkmen.

*Air*—"LAIRD O' COCKPEN."

To bonnie auld Scotlan' we've croon'd mony a sang,  
We hae roos'd her auld heroes fu' loud and fu' lang,  
We hae prais'd ilka mountain an' wild Hielan' glen,  
But naebody sings o' oor Scottish warkmen.

### CHORUS.

Then what do ye think o' oor Scottish warkmen?  
Oor weel-favour'd, braid-shouther'd Scottish warkmen?  
May fortune be wi' them an' joys without en',  
For Scotlan' is proud o' her honest warkmen.

O' talk na' o' Wallace, we've Wallaces still,  
An' Bruces in plenty in warkshop an' mill;  
For warkmen are kings, an' their richt is divine,  
Mair sae than was that o' the kings o' langsyne.  
Then what, &c.

The warkman, enthron'd in his auld elbow-chair,  
Can look on his lot wi' a broo void o' care;  
His wife by his side an' his bairns roun' his knee,  
O whaur 'll ye fin' a king happy as he?  
Then what, &c.

O sair, sair he toils for the little he earns,  
But he thinks o' the love o' his wifie an' bairns;  
Then joy fills his bosom an' nerves him wi' steel,  
An' maks it a pleasure to work for their weel.  
Then what, &c.

The warkman wha drinks what his bairnies should eat,  
Is waur than a Pagan—a loon an' a cheat—  
Na, waur than the wolf in his dark forest den,  
We dinna rank *him* amang honest warkmen,  
Then what, &c.

Oor Scottish warkmen are the men o' the age,  
They sen' forth the poet, the priest an' the sage;  
Na, they wha in learning hae bor'd farest ben,  
Hae sprung frae the ranks o' our Scottish warkmen.  
Then what, &c.

When hard times come roun' an' shed gloom owre the  
hearth,  
They put their strong trust in nae mortal on earth;  
Tho' the purse-proud aboon them nae sympathy len',  
There is Ane wha forgets na' oor Scottish warkmen.  
Then what, &c.

### Our Wee Kate.

WAS there ever sic a lassie kent, as oor Wee Kate?  
There's no a wean in a' the toun like oor Wee Kate:  
Baith in an' oot, at kirk an' schule, she rins at sic a rate,  
A pair o' shoon jist lasts a month, wi' oor Wee Kate.

I wish she'd been a callan, she's sic a steerin' quean—  
For ribbons, dolls, an' a' sic gear, she disna care a preen,  
But taps an' bools, girs, ba's an' bats she plays wi' ear' an  
late;  
I'll hae to get a pair o' breeks for oor Wee Kate.



Na, what do ye think ? the ither day, as sure as ony thing—  
I saw her fleecin' dragens wi' maist a mile o' string :  
Yer jumpin' rapes, an' peveralls, she flings oot o' her gait,  
An' nane can fire a tow-gun like oor Wee Kate.

An' e'er the lassie gets a man, an' hoosie o' her ain,  
She'll wear the breeks, an' cuff his lugs, or I'm far mista'en ;  
But by-an'-by she'll gather sense, an' aiblins be mair blate—  
I wish I saw the wisdom teeth o' oor Wee Kate.

They tell me, on the meetin' nights, she's waur than ony fule  
She dings her bloomer oot o' shape, an' mak's jistlike a shoal.  
The chairman glooms an' shakes his head, an' scarce can  
keep his seat—

I won'er he can thole sic deils as oor Wee Kate.

But then, upon the gala-nichts, she's aye sae neat an' clean—  
Wi' cheeks like ony roses, an' bonnie glancin' een—  
An' then to hear her sing a sang, its jist a perfect treat,  
For ne'er a lintie sings sae sweet as oor Wee Kate.

Yet there is no' a kin'er wean in a' the toun, I'm sure ;  
That day wee brither Johnny dee'd, she grat her wee heart  
sair ;  
In beggar weans an' helpless folk she tak's a queer conceit—  
They're sure to get the bits o' piece frae oor Wee Kate.

For a' she's sic a steer-about, sae fu' o' mirth an' fun,  
She tak's the lead in ilka class, an' mony a prize she's won—  
She kens the name o' ilka place, frae Greenlan' to Cook's  
Strait—

There's mair than mischief in the head o' oor Wee Kate.

## My Bonnie Wee Wifie an' I.

O I'm a warkman wi' a wife an' twa laddies,  
 The pride o' my thrifty wee dame!  
 Twa red-cheekit, laughin'-e-ed, steerin' wee caddies,  
 The joy an' the plague o' my hame.

### CHORUS.

For we're a' sae weel tae dae noo, d'ye see,  
 A' things gae richt that we try;  
 For we've gi'en owre the drappie, and ne'er war sae  
 happy,  
 My bonnie wee wifie an' I.

Our hame's like a palace, sae trig an' weel plenished,  
 A hearth like the new driven sna';  
 A braw chest o' drawers, an' a dresser new finished,  
 Sax chairs an' a waggity-wa'.

For we're a', &c.

It would tak' twa three hours o' a house-reevin' beagle  
 To mark a' the gear that we hae,  
 Forbye my black suit, that's just new aff the needle,  
 Wi' a gloss like a bonnie ripe slae.

For we're a', &c.

We've rowth o' braid flannen—fy! Jeanie, nae blushin'—  
 We ne'er want a guid muckle cheese;  
 Last week, I bought her a big chair wi' a cushion,  
 To sit like a queen at her ease.

For we're a', &c.

I gang to the kirk wi' the bairns an' their minnie—  
 Nae sailin' on Sunday likes she;  
 Short syne I bought her a new dress at a guinea,  
 Nae won'er she's daft about me.  
 For we're a', &c.

Wi' wark an' guid health, an' the bairnies weel breekit,  
 I wish we may never be waur;  
 A watch in my fab, an' by ilk ane respeckit,  
 Look doon on me noo, if ye daur.  
 For we're a', &c.

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## Oor New Caller-Water.

*Air*—"BONNIE DUNDEE."

YE sons o' Sanct Mungo—the pride o' the West—  
 Wi' want o' guid liquor ye've lang been opprest;  
 For water is bad, an' the whisky is dear,  
 But ye'll soon hae abundance baith caller and clear.

### CHORUS.

Then gie owre the drinkin' o' whisky and yill,  
 O' dew frae the mountain ye'll soon get yer fill,  
 Wi' the real Hielan' stuff ye'll be a' weel supplied  
 Frae yon bonnie clear loch on the Hielan' hill side.

In yon bonnie clear loch 'mang the wilds far awa,  
 Whaur the mountains stan' roun' in their nicht caps o'  
 snaw,  
 There's wine for the wealthy an' milk for the puir,  
 For the milk noo a-days is half water an' mair.  
 Then gie owre, &c.

Oor big water tanks noo are mair like fish creels,  
A' loupin' wi' puddocks, sprats, bairdies, an' eels,  
Sma' thanks to the loons wha sic dainties provide,  
They deserve a guid douk in the deepest o' Clyde,  
Then gie owre, &c.

In bonnie loch Katrine there's nae siccan things,  
For the red deer hae legs an' the muircocks hae wings,  
Unless some big spate bring us doon in our need  
A dish o' braw trouts or a Hielan' sheep-head.  
Then gie owre, &c.

Wi' their braw whisky palaces, puddocks, an' mud,  
Our provost and bailies 'll drive us clean wud,  
An' the loons o' St Rollox wad poison us a',  
But the water 'll wash ilka nuisance awa.  
Then gie owre, &c.

An' listen, ye bodies wha dwell on the Forth,  
We've tunnell'd a hole through the hills o' the north,  
For your water supply after this ye maun bide  
Till your betters are serv'd on the banks o' the Clyde.  
Then gie owre, &c.

Nae honest warkman noo wad be sic a fool  
As rin to the whisky his coppers to cool,  
He canna drink mud like the whaup or the snipe,  
But he'll quaff the hill-dew frae his ain water pipe.  
Then gie owre, &c.

Distillers an' brewers 'll a' be put doon,  
An' whisky retailers themsel's may gae droon,  
An' their big yellow barrels, how swiftly they'll glide  
When we sen' them adrift frae the banks o' the Clyde.  
Then gie owre, &c.

## Dinna Think, Bonnie Lasses.

(Mr JOHN BUCHANAN'S Farewell Song.) \*

DINNA think, bonnie lasses, tho' I'm gaun to lea' ye,  
 Dinna think, braw laddies, tho' I'm gaun to lea' ye,  
 That I'll forget, when far awa, the nichts I hae been wi' ye,  
 I wadna gie your bonnie smiles, for a that ye could gie me.

I'm gaun awa across the sea, frae this nae man 'll swee me,  
 It's possible I may be wrang; if sae, may Guid forgie me;  
 Nae doot, frae ye it's sad to pairt—my heart is sair to lea' ye,  
 But when I've gather'd gowd aneugh, I'll come again an'  
     see ye.

Ye'll won'er what I'm gaun to dae, when I get to Australya,  
 But tho' ye war to tak' my life, I'm sure I couldna tell ye;  
 I carena what—a sweetie stan', or Government Inspector;  
 But if I war to get my choice, I'd rather be Collector.

Or mounted on a barrel-head, and sellin' like a broker—  
 "Hoo much for this mahogany chair?—wha bids for tangs  
     an' poker?" [me,  
 Or maybe in some digger's hole, a' owre wi' dirt ye'll fin'  
 Or singin' to a crood "Wee Kate," wi' ha'f the worl' roun'  
     me.

\* The foregoing verses were written for and sung by the late John Buchanan, to the Juvenile Music Classes of Gorbals and Cowcaddens—of which he was a most efficient and enthusiastic leader—on the eve of his departure for Australia; returning from which he was drowned, with many others, in the ill-fated "Royal Charter," not far from the mouth of the Mersey.

Then I'll come hame wi' muckle wame, an' muckle purse  
sae cheerie, [breery—  
Moustaches ronn' my lips, an' doon my beard 'll hing sae  
A foreign look wad spaen a foal, I'll be a bonnie dearie,  
'Twill be a treat to see my face, as weel's to come an' hear  
me.

I'll big a cottage o' my ain, an' leeve amang the gentry,  
Wi' tirly-whirl'ies on the roof, an' porch aboon the entry.  
Twa servin' men as black as craws, brought frae a foreign  
kintra,  
The taen to drive me up an' doon, the tither to stan' sentry.

There's some ane thinkin' to hersel', amang the folks aroun'  
me, [droon ye."  
"Noo Johnnie lad are ye no fear't the muckle waves will  
No lasses; there's a Providence a watchin' still aboon me,  
The win's an' waves are in his han', and sae I'll sleep fu'  
soun'ly.

The years gae roun' like whirly-gigs, an mak' us auld an'  
bleerie, [dreary,  
Sweet youth is like a simmer day, auld age like winter  
An' by an' by ilk lassie here 'll be some laddie's dearie,  
An' ilka laddie hae a wife to keep him bien an' cheerie.

Sae never heed, bonnie lasses, tho' I'm gaun to lea' ye,  
Never heed, braw laddies, tho' I'm gaun to lea' ye;  
Whene'er ye mak' a simmer trip, come owre the worl' an'  
see me,  
I'll feed ye a' like fechtin cocks, as lang's I've aught to gie  
ye.

### The Dautit Wee Wean.

THE cauld wintry win' whistles loud owre the riggin',  
The wee robin taps at the mist-clouded pane;  
He kens he'll get crumbs in the cozie wee biggin',  
That rings wi' the mirth o' a dautit wee wean!

O waefu' the hame whaur nae love-licht is shinin'—  
Whaur wee feet are chill'd on a fireless hearth stane;  
Whaur sadly her lane sits the puir wife repinin',  
Aye clingin' to life for the sake o' her wean.

That fause demon, Drink! kills a' things that are bonnie,  
An' brings to the hearth mickle sorrow an' pain;  
But blessings be on thee! my leal-hearted Johnnie!  
Ye ne'er bide awa' frae thy wife an' wee wean.

Then come to thy minnie, my frisky wee fairy—  
Thy faither wha toils in the weet an' the rain,  
Will come hame to kiss an' caress his wee Mary,  
The hale warl' to him is his dautit wee wean.

Come Spring, wi' thy daisies besprent on thy bosom—  
Shed, Simmer, thy roses o'er mountain an' plain;  
An' say was there ever wee bud or saft blossom  
Mair sinless an' sweet than oor dautit wee wean?

Thou, dear God, aboon us! o' watchin' ne'er weary,  
Protect oor wee lassie, an' mak' her thy ain!  
An' ilk day we'll bless thee for her, oor wee dearie—  
A fount o' delight is oor dautit wee wean.

**Leezie's Gane.**

THERE was ne'er a wife like Leezie,  
 Day an' nicht sae fain to please me;  
 Aye sin' death o' her bereft me,  
 Joy an' comfort baith hae left me.

## CHORUS.

Hame's to me nae langer cheerie,  
 Wantin' thee, my angel dearie;  
 Oh, my Leezie! Leezie only!  
 Wantin' thee, my heart feels lonely.

A' things noo gae tapsal teerie,  
 Whilst for thee I sit an' weary.  
 Mony a wæfu' thocht it's cost me;  
 I ken thy worth noo sin' I've lost thec.  
     Hame's to me, &c.

Nae mair by the ingle sittin'  
 Wi' thy sewin' an' thy knittin';  
 Nae ane noo to tosh an tent me—  
 Like thy chair my heart is empty.  
     Hame's to me, &c.

Noo, the bairns, I'm wae to see them—  
 Puir wee things, I canna lea' them—  
 Steerin' Kate an' thoctfu' Johnnie,  
 Wha's to busk an' keep ye bonnie?  
     Hame's to me, &c.

See my puir wee infant lammie  
 Still keeps sabbin' for her mammy—



Aye she keeps me "hush-a-ba'in',"  
Till asleep I see her fa'in'.

Hame's to me, &c.

Cradle rockin'—parritch steerin'—  
Bairnies in the fire sit peerin',  
Cowerin' a' like frichtit maukens,  
Lest their din wee sister waukens.

Hame's to me, &c.

Bairns, get up! I see ye're sleepin';  
Thro' the window stars are peepin';  
Gang to bed, an' cuddle ither;  
Say your prayers, an' dream o' mither.

Hame's to me, &c.

## Imph-m. \*

A NEW SONG WITH A NEW TITLE.

*Tune*—"GEE-WO-NEDDY."

YE'VE heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith  
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,  
When some ane cried oot "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"  
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,

But only said "Imph-m,"

That usefu' word "Imph-m"—

Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say—A-y-e!

\* That compound nasal affirmative indulged in by those who do not choose to open their mouths and say *Yes*.

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,  
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule ;  
 For a' that he said, I could ne'er un'erstan',  
 Unless when he bawled "Jamie! haud oot yer han'!"

Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"

I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"—

I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',  
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,  
 Quo' I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,  
 "I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:

Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'

That common word 'Imph-m,'

That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means—A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratch'd his big pate,  
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!  
 Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!  
 The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule,"

But I only said "Imph-m,"

That common word "Imph-m,"

That auld-farran' "Imph-m," that stan's for an—A-y-e!

An' when, a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—  
 O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—  
 When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,  
 I spired in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,

She blush'd, an' said "Imph-m,"

That charming word "Imph-m"—

A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A-y-e!

And noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—  
 A dainty bit wife, an' mair than ae wean;

But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,  
They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,  
    But only say “Imph-m,”  
    That daft-like word “Imph-m,”  
That vulgar word “Imph-m”—they winna say—A-y-e !

Sae, I've gi'en owre the “Imph-m”—it's no a nice word ;  
When printed on paper, its perfect absurd ;  
An' if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,  
Jist haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava ;  
    But never say “Imph-m,”  
    That daft-like word “Imph-m”—  
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e !

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### Toddle Yer Lane.

YE sair toilin' bodies, cauld puirtith wha dree,  
Ne'er blame fickle Fortune, but listen to me ;  
Tak' ye my advice, and her favour ye'll gain—  
The secret is this—Learn to toddle yer lane.

*Chorus*—Toddle yer lane, toddle yer lane !  
Ye'll ne'er be a man till ye toddle yer lane.

See yonder wee birkie, sae bloomin' and fair,  
How firmly he plants his wee foot on the flair ;  
The hand that would help he rejects wi' disdain ;  
The wee thing would far rather toddle his lane.

Toddle his lane, &c.

Oh, strong Independence! thy big heart is leal,  
Strauchtforward thy purpose, thy nerve like the steel,  
A friend to the workman when friends he has nane—  
Ao whisper frae thee gars him toddle his lane.

Toddle his lane, &c.

Tak' ye my advice, friends, and pay what you're awn',  
Tak' credit frae nae ane, nor slink to the pawn;  
Frae strong drink, deceivin', be sure to abstain;  
Let a' the world see ye can toddle yer lane!

Toddle yer lane, &c.

Lang syne, when a slave to the cup and the gill,  
How I guzzled and drank at the whisky and yill!  
When I held by the wa', or played clyte owre a stane,  
The de'il a ae stap could I toddle my lane.

Toddle my lane, &c.

I soon grew disjaskit, baith shabby and puir,  
Our house like a cellar—wa's reekit and bare;  
But noo, I can boast o' a house o' my ain—  
Ye see what it is to can toddle yer lane.

Toddle yer lane, &c.

I rest when I'm weary, and work when I please;  
When simmer win's sough through the leaf-laden trees,  
Then I'm aff to the coast wi' the boat or the train,  
Wi' ither douce folk wha can toddle their lane.

Toddle their lane, &c.

Life's sky o' clear azure is soon overcast,  
The branch sae lang shaken is broken at last—  
We maun a' settle down 'mang the yird and the stane  
But as lang as we can, let us toddle our lane.

Toddle our lane, &c.

Nae doot but the bravest are weak at the best,  
We a' need the guidance o' beings mair blest;  
But He wha supplies earth wi' sunshine and rain  
Enables the puirest to toddle his lane.  
Toddle his lane, &c.

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### Lament for Garibaldi.

#### CHORUS.

BRITANNIA shares Italia's woe,  
Italia's woe, Italia's woe,  
Britannia shares Italia's woe,  
And mourns for Garibaldi.

The sword has drapt frae freedom's han',  
Her onward march is at a stan';  
Italia's braves wha'll noo comman'?  
Since she's lost Garibaldi!  
Britannia, &c.

Oh! woe betide that Victor chiel,  
Wha aye profess't to loe him weel,  
He's turn'd his deadly tubes o' steel,  
On his frien' Garibaldi.  
Britannia, &c.

The man for whom he won a croon,  
Should been the last to ding him doon;  
But there's a power still rules aboon,  
He'll watch owre Garibaldi.  
Britannia, &c.

Frae toon tae toon, wi' every breath,  
The watchword flew, "To Rome or death!"  
But trucklin' loons hae broken faith—  
Betray'd brave Garibaldi.

Britannia, &c.

What though the Gallic cock may crawl,  
The eagle daurna' move his claw,  
Lest Briton's lion lift his paw,  
And strike, for Garibaldi.

Britannia, &c.

Let Nap. invade her if he daur,  
Lord John and Pam. his schemes wad mar.  
Our Gracious Queen nicht yet dae waur,  
Than side wi' Garibaldi.

Britannia, &c.

Ah, me! that I should tell the tale,  
The hero lies a captive pale;  
Raise! Britain raise! thy deep heart-wail,  
For hapless Garibaldi.

Britannia, &c.

Wi' anxious face ilk ane does speir,  
"Will his betrayers send him here?"  
Frae shore to shore we'd raise the cheer,  
To welcome Garibaldi.

Britannia, &c.

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**Noo Things Cam Roun' in the Mornin'.**

*Air*—"HEY JOHNNY COPE."

I MIND sin' they ca'd me a drucken loon,  
The plague an' the pest o' a' oor toon,  
On me ilka honest man lookit doon,  
Though he tasted *himself* in the mornin'.

My wife an' the bairnies aft cam', to my shame,  
At the dead hour o' nicht to oxtter me hame;  
An' she, puir thing! gat the hale o' the blame,  
When we wanted a meal in the mornin'.

Oor things were a' sell't, to ilk ane we were awn—  
The very toom meal-pock was aff to the pawn—  
We were turn'd oot o' hoose at the grey o' the dawn,  
To wan'er like sheep in the mornin'.

An', Guidness forgie me! the warst thing o' a',  
My ain winsome wife, an' oor wee lammies twa,  
Her frier's frae the North took them a' clean awa',  
An' left me alane in the mornin'.

Noo hunted wi' beagles, in sorrow an' shame,  
I fled like an outcast frae hoose and frae hame—  
Fu' brawly I kent there was nae ane to blame,  
But my ain stupit sel' in the mornin'.

I thoct me o' strychnine, I thoct o' a knife,  
But the best thing I saw was to alter my life—  
To turn a new leaf, and restore my puir wife  
A' the joy o' her life's young mornin'.

Sae I cam' doun to Glasca, whaur frien's I had nane,  
I wrocht like a slave, an' I leev'd a' my lane,  
Till I managed to plenish a hoose o' my ain—  
But sair I miss'd Jean in the mornin'.

But I sent aff a letter ae nicht, jist to tell  
Hoo things had come roun', when niest mornin' the bell  
Play'd reenge, an' wha was't but my lassie hersel',  
Wi' oor twa bonnie bairns in the mornin'.

Then soon as my braw plenished hoose met her view,  
Puir thing! her bit heart lap amaist to her mou',  
Then into my arms like a birdie she flew,  
An sabbit wi' joy in the mornin'.

Then roun' us the bairnies they danc'd an' they spield,  
Till wi' joy an' wi' pleasure my very head reel'd,  
Oor blythe bridal day owre again there we held,  
An' began life anew in the mornin'.

Noo a' wha like me wad begin a new life,  
First banish the "Barley," that cause o' a' strife,  
Syn learn to be kind to your bairnies an' wife,  
An' be sure ye get up in the mornin'.

---

### Mosses in Winter.

In the howe o' the year, when John Frost in his prime,  
Has scribbled the grun' wi' his pencil o' rime,  
When ilk strae on the road in white lines ye can trace,  
An' hedges are cover'd wi' skinklein' lace,



When gatherin' clouds muster dark on the hill,  
When trees are a' bare, an' ilk birdie is still,  
An' a' things lie dead in the howe o' the year,  
Then green are the mosses, the saft velvet mosses !  
The bonnie green mosses that never grow sere.

When blackboids nae langer hing black on the stem,  
An' ilka torn gowan is reckon'd a gem,  
When e'en the forget-me-nots hae been forgot,  
A' perish'd the treasures o' garden an' grot,  
Why should we look dowie, an' let oor hearts doon ?  
We canna expect simmer a' the year roun',  
Nor should we forget, in the howe o' the year,  
We still hae green mosses in beauty to bless us,  
That rarest o' beauty, that never grows sere.

I ken ilka spot whaur the green mosses grow,  
Frae the big hielan' Ben to the wee lowlan' knowe,  
On the glen's rocky banks, whaur the burn rows between,  
In the woods whaur they spread their saft carpet o' green,  
On the cliff, whose dark broo sae unbending an' stern,  
Waves shaggy wi' heather, broom bushes an' fern ;  
Aye greenest by far, at the howe o' the year,  
The saft downy mosses, the tender green mosses !  
The bonnie green mosses that never grow sere.

This comfort be mine in life's dark winter day,  
The heart hath emotions that ne'er can decay,  
In ilk human bosom there's some bosky dell,  
Whaur shelter'd an cosy lies love's bonnie well ;  
An' roun' its clear margin a border o' green,  
Enamell'd wi mosses that flourish unseen,  
Aye greenest by far at the howe o' life's year ;  
Then cherish the mosses, the heart's tender mosses,  
*The bonnie green mosses that never grow sere.*

## Scotia's Mountain Dew.

I'LL pledge thee not in wassail bowl,  
With rosy madness filled ;  
But let us quaff the nobler wine,  
By Nature's hand distilled.  
Where to the skies the mountains rise  
In grandeur to the view,  
Where sparkling rills leap down the hills,  
Our Scotia's mountain dew.

There jewels hang on every flower,  
There diamonds deck the fern,  
While like a fount of glory, seems  
Each Highland loch and tarn.  
And like the tear in beauty's eye,  
Where love is beaming through,  
So pure and bright the liquid light,  
Of Scotia's mountain dew.

Then leave the city's crowded scenes,  
Where mirth and madness dwell,  
And climb with me the mountain's side,  
Where blooms the heather bell,  
There hearts around us will be found,  
To love and friendship true,  
While round the spring we'll laugh and sing,  
And quaff the mountain dew.

---

## Who are the Heroes?

Who are the heroes?—the men who labour.

Who are the kings?—the brave who toil.

Not by the rifle, not by the sabre,

Claim we a right to the fruits of the soil.

What though we own no fertile acres,

What though no lands in tenure we hold,

Ours is the might, for we are the makers—

Ours are the hands that gather the gold.

Who are the heroes?—&c.

We are the sinew and bone of the nation,

We are the walls our isle to defend ;

Firm is the throne that has for foundation,

The hearts of a people on whom to depend.

Who are the, &c.

Down with all tyrants ! away with oppression !

What though our land be an isle of the sea,

Earth is our workfield, noble our mission,

Kings are the slaves of wealth, we are the free !

Who are the, &c.

Treasures of home, so dear to our bosoms,

Be our endeavour still to improve,

Dear to the workman his fair buds and blossoms,

Faithful his friendship, deathless his love.

Who are the, &c. •

May the Almighty still guard and defend us

From every vice that would us ensnare ;

Shades of our fathers ! to bless, still attend us,

God save the labourer still be our prayer !

Who are the, &c.

**Wait Till I'm Ready.***Air—"WAIT FOR THE WAGON."*

ONE balmy summer evening,  
When tripping round the hill,  
I found my sweetheart waiting,  
My own, my handsome Bill !  
And this is what I told him,  
" You plague my very life,  
I've scarce seen eighteen summers,  
So will not be your wife."

CHORUS—But wait till I'm ready,  
Wait till I'm ready,  
Wait till I'm ready,  
And I'll be your bride.

I wait upon the dairy,  
The poultry, too, I feed ;  
The hay is yet to gather—  
The corn is all to lead.  
There's sisters Jane and Nancy,  
Have not yet left the school ;  
You see I can't be wanted,  
Then don't be such a fool.  
But wait till I'm ready, &c.

Then I'm so wild and foolish—  
So full of mirth and glee ;  
I won't give up my freedom,  
So don't keep teasing me.  
You ask me if I love you ?  
Why, that's a poser too;

What matter if I do not,  
So I am loved by you ?  
So wait till I'm ready, &c.

And there's a little matter,  
I'd like to mention, Bill ;  
You know I drink cold water,  
While gin you often swill.  
You say it's all in friendship ;  
In this, too, I agree ;  
But friendship, gin, and pleasure,  
Must all give place to me.  
So wait till I'm ready, &c.

There's Ned, my sprightly cousin,  
He'd make a husband nice ;  
Poor soul, I'm sorry for him.  
For I've refused him twice.  
But somehow, there's a fellow,  
I still prefer to Ned,  
But while he drinks strong liquor  
That man I'll never wed.  
So wait till I'm ready, &c.

You promise to be sober,  
But that's just the old song :  
Besides, when I am right, Bill,  
You know I can't be wrong.  
The folks who drink cold water,  
All lead a happy life ;  
So join the temperance army,  
And claim me for your wife.

Then I'll be ready,  
Then I'll be ready,  
Then I'll be ready,  
And be your loving bride.

---

### **Ye Daughters of Beauty.**

*Air—"JENNY JONES."*

YE daughters of beauty, with charms so bewitching,  
So modestly winning and dear to us all;  
Our life's sweetest treasures—our homes so enriching,  
Fair maidens and mothers, on you do we call.  
Strong drink like a river your pathway is strewing  
With the wrecks of the noble, the good, and the gay;  
O lend us your aid, then, to stem the wide ruin  
Now blighting the flowers on your love-lighted way!

Our homes are invaded with dark Desolation,  
There's danger wherever the wine-cup doth flow;  
Then pledge your fair hands to resist the temptation,  
Nor stain your red lips with those waters of woe.  
Lift up your bright glances, put on all your beauty—  
Your holy affections—your God-given dower;  
Such weapons are mighty—awake to your duty,  
The trophies you gather will add to your power.

How noble your mission, when kindly ye hover  
Like angels of light round the pillow of pain;  
The father, the brother, the husband, the lover,  
Are calling you now to restore them again,

Then join our endeavours again we implore ye,  
Lo! thousands to Bacchus are bending the knee :  
The rescued will bless, and the good will adore ye;  
Your tears to the captive—your smiles for the free.

---

### Blow the Fire.

Blow, bellows, blow!  
And make a rousing fire.  
O there's no delight, by day or night,  
Like a roaring, rousing fire!

Hark the blazing sticks,  
How they crackle and roar!  
Now there is one gone off like a shot—  
It has struck the pantry door!  
Now the coals have caught,  
I know by the wreathing whirl  
Of the dense grey smoke to the chimney's throat,  
Climbing with upward curl.  
Blow, bellows, blow!

Now they're all in a blaze—  
Smoke, and faggot, and coal!  
The startled shadows are melting away  
Into each crevice and hole!  
Now out, now in, they leap,  
As the bellows rise or fall;—  
Over the floor, now under the bed,  
Now dancing on the wall!  
Blow, bellows, blow!

Now the books on the shelf  
Are brightening in the glow,  
While the cups and cans of homely delf  
Are smiling all in a row.  
Squatted upon the hearth  
Sit Jeanie, Jack, and Bill,  
Watching with ever-increasing mirth  
The flames ascending still.  
Blow, bellows, blow!

How eagerly they trace  
Bright faces through the bars;  
Hurrah! there went a shower of sparks—  
A galaxy of stars!  
Now, fill the kettle up;  
There, now 'tis safely on—  
Sitting erect upon the bars,  
Like queen upon her throne!  
Blow, bellows, blow!

Now, Jeanie dear, make haste;  
The cloth you well can spread;  
And while you run to fetch the cream,  
Willie will toast the bread.  
Hurrah! what a roaring fire!  
The kettle begins to sing!  
Anon the lid will clatter and dance;  
The tea pot then you'll bring.  
Blow, bellows, blow!

Sweet as the breath of even  
Bohean odours rise,  
Like incense from the altar-flame  
Of costly sacrifice.



Now lift the kettle off!  
Put, Jack, that poker down,  
Go meet your father in the street,  
While I throw on my gown!  
Blow, bellows, blow!

Now, while I sweep the hearth,  
You, Willie, light the gas,  
(I wonder if my hair be smooth,  
I'll peep into the glass.)  
Draw in your father's chair!  
Pile up both buns and toast!  
(I'll have a new rug for his feet,  
I care not what it cost!)  
Blow, bellows, blow!

I hear his well-known voice!  
O how my bosom warms!  
I hear them shouting on the street  
To get into his arms!  
O more than earthly bliss  
To erring mortals giv'n;  
Where heart to heart is link'd in love  
The humblest home is heaven!  
Blow, bellows, blow!

---

## A WELCOME TO THE

**Waters of Loch-Katrine. \***

O, WELCOME to our city, thou thing of life and light !  
Thus bursting in thy beauty, like morn from the arms of  
night ;

Welcome thy limpid waters ! welcome thy gurgling sound !  
Welcome as hidden treasure by gloating miser found.

Thou wert longing for thy freedom and the light of upper  
day,

But the light thou now beholdest is but the flickering ray  
Of the lamps hung o'er the pavement, for the stars are sel-  
dom seen, [intervene.

While the moon's pale face is hidden by the clouds that

Nor wonder that, in passing, men stay to gaze on thee ;  
Thou knowest not the bliss we feel a sight so rare to see.  
From alley, close, and vennel, the children troop to lave  
Their cold bare feet, all dirt-begrimed, in thy refreshing  
wave.

Nor marvel they so differ from the children of the glen ;  
These are the human *fungi*-growths of many a noisome  
den ; [wall ;  
Their cheeks are cold and bloodless—pale as a workhouse  
Yet they are human beings, for God hath made us all !

But thou hast other duties than wash the miry street—  
Than sport with urchins clad in rags, or lave their unshod  
feet.

\* Suggested by seeing the water rising in a jet-d'eau, from a pipe  
that had burst in the street.

Go to the poor man's dwelling, bereft of sun and air,  
Where spectre ills are crouching like tigers in their lair.

Go sing to him of the sunshine, the fields, the flowers, the  
trees, [breeze;  
And the countless sweets that float in the current of the  
Tell him that bosky hollows his eyes have never seen,  
To woo him forth are putting on their robes of living green.

Thou comest to a city where men untimely die,  
Where hearts in grief are swelling, and cheeks are seldom  
dry—  
A city where merchant princes to Mammon basely kneel,  
While those that drag the idol's car are crushed beneath the  
wheel.

Throughout her mighty system of tunnel and tube and  
main, [vein;  
Thy healthful current is pulsing, pulsing through every  
In the fever den, in the attic, in cellars under the street,  
The poor have long been waiting to quaff thy waters sweet.

Thou comest in thy beauty, like Godiva, long ago,  
To save our sin-curst city from a tax of death and woe—  
To cool the fire of the fever, and quench the fever of lust—  
To moisten the lips of the dying, and moisten the poor  
man's crust.

O that from his inner vision thou could'st wash the scales  
of sin, [come in;  
That thro' the darkened window heaven's glory might  
Restore to the cheeks of childhood the roses shed too soon,  
And their infant lips will bless thee, for health is a precious  
boon!

O quench the fiery spirit that maddens the workman's brain,  
That drags down reason from her throne, and riots in  
every vein,  
Ere the stream becomes a river, and the river an ocean  
broad,  
A dreary separating gulf betwixt his soul and God!

O would thy gushing waters might quench for ever and  
aye  
Those fountains of fiery ruin that lead men's souls astray ;  
That drunkeries all were abolished, and, planted in their  
stead,  
The reading-room and the school-room, and shops for the  
sale of bread !

I hear in thy gushing waters the song of the free-born rills,  
That leap in their snowy madness adown our heath-clad  
hills ;  
I hear the rain-clouds mutter as they step from cairn to  
cairn, [fern ;  
And the sighing winds that rustle the leaves of the lady-

The song of the sailing plover and the curlew's wailing cry.  
When the wing of the tempest broodeth o'er many a league  
of sky,  
And the joyous lapwing telleth the coming of the spring,  
And the cry of the startled moorfowl as they mount on  
whirring wing.

Bring all thy wealth of waters,—the dew-drops from the  
flowers, [showers,  
The spray of the mountain cataract, the garner'd summer  
The tears shed by the morning on granite hillsides grey,  
When her banner of mist is riven by the fingers of the day.

Bring from thy rocky chalice the splendour of the rills,  
That 'broider the dusky shoulders of the mountains and the  
hills, [hall,  
And shed them with a lavish hand in hovel and princely  
And aye the burden of thy song be "God is kind to all!"

---

### Angels in Disguise.

THEY tell me there are angels who leave their native skies,  
To visit oft this world of ours, their glory in disguise.  
And, strange! I sometimes feel impell'd, when on the  
crowded street

To gaze with earnest countenance on every one I meet;  
And when some eye, with God's light filled, looks lovingly  
on me,

I wonder if the passing one some loving angel be! [lorn,  
Brothers and sisters pass me by, whose souls look out for-  
And, O! how many breaking hearts are with the current  
borne;

There, drifting on the human tide, or sinking 'mid its waves,  
The wrecks of poor humanity float in their living graves.  
Might we not lend to them a hand, and, Christ-like, bid  
them rise,

And thus prove to the outcast, there are angels in disguise?

I saw a huckster in the street, beside her little stall,  
Bedeck'd with yellow oranges, ripe apples, large and small;  
The skies hung black, the wind blew high, down came the  
pelting hail, [grew pale,  
Fell sickness stole around her heart—her wither'd cheek

Her limbs refused their wonted aid—she stagger'd to the wall,

While many an anxious look she cast towards her little stall.  
The kind and curious flock'd around with many a pitying word;

I look'd toward the stall, and, lo! as blythe as any bird,  
A little girl with beaming face—glad summer in her eye—  
Was handing out the golden fruit the people rush'd to buy;  
Soon not a single rind was left of all the golden store,  
The jingling coins, both white and brown, weigh'd down  
her pinafore: [eyes,

The grateful dame received her own with blessings in her  
And thank'd her God that there were still some angels in  
disguise.

O there is wealth and bread enough for all beneath the sun,  
But sweetest, wholesomest by far, is that by labour won;  
And there's a curse—a blighting curse—bequeath'd by  
righteous Heaven,

On every heap'd up, hoarded coin from honest labour riven;  
And masters great and small should own a Master in the skies,  
And to their men (not "hands") sometimes prove angels in  
disguise.

O, toiling brother! shun that fount where mad'ning poison  
springs—

Where deadly serpents, viewless lurk, and whet their fiery  
stings.

The fairest, noblest work art thou, O man! beneath the sun,  
And glorious thy destiny when thy life-work is done.

There's pleasure in God's world still—there's love, and joy,  
and mirth—

Still with creation's matin song resounds the joyous earth,

While o'er her lap of emerald, flowers shed their thousand  
dyes,  
To bless and beautify the steps of angels in disguise.

There's light beyond the darkest cloud—bright sunshine  
after rain— [her train ;  
Spring, laughing, treads on winter's heels, with summer in  
So, in misfortune's darkest hour, hope's radiant star doth rise,  
And in its holy light our woes seem blessings in disguise.

---

### The Wave of Life.

WHENCE comes this mighty inundating wave  
That annually invades our wint'ry clime ?  
Sending unseen through all its cultur'd clod  
And untill'd wilds alike, the quick'ning thrill,  
The impetus of new imparted life,  
Swelling the tender roots and fibers fine  
Of rising plants and glorious tinted flowers  
With crystal lymphs, to feed their myriad cells—  
Those viewless architects, whose wond'rous skill  
Builds up the living fabric of the world,—  
Flushing the pastures with a richer green,  
Climbing the inner bark of naked trees,  
To load their branching arms with shining leaves,  
And deck their fingery twigs with blossoms rare,  
Greening the hedge rows with an emerald shower  
Of vernal buds, that laugh out promises  
Of blossom-wealth to enrich the summer hours.

Spring, lily-brow'd, emerging from her bath  
Of seething mists—joy sparkling in her eyes—  
With jewell'd hands uploops the trailing clouds ;  
While at the sky's blue lattice waits the sun,  
To pour his living glory o'er the world.  
Whence comes this wond'rous mystery of life,  
That stirs at once earth's dormant energies,  
Reanimates and gathers up the dust  
Her long-forgotten dead had cast aside,  
For sportive winds to blow about the world ?  
In bush and brake, I mark the kindling joy  
In trembling leaf, in birdling's quivering wing,  
Whose tuneful warbling make the woods rejoice.  
Nor earth alone exults, the fields of air  
Are pulsing with the universal joy,  
While, round his viewless spiral, heav'nward soars  
The gladsome lark on wings of ecstasy,  
Flooding the ether with a stream of song,  
Whose melody might tempt from heav'n afar,  
Bright seraph bands to bend the wondering ear.

Life giving mystery ! thou art everywhere.  
I turn my gaze up to the solemn hills  
Snow-capp'd and cold, but thou art even there,  
Clothing the boulder'd steep with snowy lambs,  
Whose tender bleat makes musical the waste,  
And breaks the leaden spell of solitude.

Even in the stifling haunts of toiling men—  
Alike impervious to the sun and breeze—  
The all pervading wave of life is felt  
O'erflowing with new life, the inner well,  
With a diviner flood, that shoots along



The tingling nerves, the while it hurries on  
The lagging currents to a livelier tune ;  
While o'er the sombre firmament of soul  
Hope weaves the crimson of a brighter dawn.

Now hark ! they come, the happy children come  
Straight from the fields, with joyous shout and song.  
With rose-bud lips, and pleasure-sparkling eyes,  
Bearing in triumph, from the vernal woods,  
The rifled gold of gorse and celandine,  
With daisy treasure, fresh from nature's mint,  
To decorate the sacred shrine of home,  
Or pour into the dear maternal lap,  
That altar sacred to our childhood's years.

Whence comes to me this strange uplifting power?  
This sense of putting on immortal youth?  
Of heavenward marching to a regal tune,  
This blessed consciousness of being loved,  
And tended as by guardians unseen,  
While borne upon the undulating air,  
Soft sighs, faint whispers, reach the inner ear,  
Voices of the departed—still beloved—  
Seem calling to me from within the veil  
That hides the glory of our higher life,  
Then gushing comes a strange, sweet melody,  
That steals from me all motion, while it melts  
My pent-up joy in blessed rain of tears.

Whence comes, I ask, this ecstasy of life  
That rushes o'er my being, like the hand  
Of skilful player o'er an instrument ?  
Whence comes this new expansion of my life,

This seeking kindred with all beauteous things ?  
Is it the wooing of the waving woods,  
The stirring melody of joyous birds,  
Accompanied by the tenor of the brook,  
Or distant cascade's hoarsely sounding bass ?

Not these alone could make me bend the knee  
In lowly adoration like a child,  
If, in their blended songs, I did not hear  
The loving accents of Jehovah God.

---

### Downward Tendencies.

To mother earth all lesser things are drawn,  
No particle from her permits to stray ;  
The mote that caught the gold of the first dawn,  
Still dances in the sunlight of to-day.  
Objects the most stupendous earthward tend ;  
The meteor leaps from depths of midnight blue ;  
Thrones, temples, pyramids their ruins blend,  
Nor heed the end the builders had in view.

Yon distant clouds, that like bright spirits, seem  
Still mounting heav'nward from this world of pain,  
Melting from us like faces in a dream,  
To earth return in fertilising rain.  
The leaf that flutters on the crowning spray  
Of yonder monarch of the forest old,  
The autumn winds shall ruthless bear away,  
To moulder with the thistle on the wold.

Imperial palaces—abodes of kings—

Shall mar the daisied fields with useless stones ;  
As will the lark, that heavenward soaring sings,  
To some lone heath consign his bleaching bones.  
Crowns of old empires,—priceless diadems,—  
Like them who wore them, to oblivion pass,  
Earth's lap at last receives their sparkling gems,  
Like dew-drops shaken from the morning grass.

Domes, steeples, minarets, o'er fanes of prayer,—

Lifting our thoughts to Heaven, in hope and trust,—  
The fate of lower things shall one day share ;  
A hand unseen shall drag them to the dust.  
Yon lofty hills, that battlement the sky,  
Old ocean's billowy womb shall yet enclose ;  
In lowest depths their towering summits lie,  
Obedient to the law by which they rose.

The wheat waves yellow o'er our fathers' graves,

We tread upon the ashes of our sires ;  
Year follows year, in long receding waves  
The living present to the past retires,  
The fir-cones drop, the ripen'd acorns fall,  
The parent tree falls prostrate in the dust ;  
The sword that long gleamed on the oaken wall,  
Lies sheathed at last in its own shapeless rust.

Say, then, is there no upward-tending thing ?

Must each and all yield homage to the clod ?  
Man's thoughts at least should mount on eagle wing,  
High soaring to the citadel of God !  
Man's thoughts, alas ! like fettered birds arise—  
*Rise but to fall, for they are fettered too ;*

They, like smoke-clouds, mount upward to the skies,  
But to bedim the brightness of their blue.

A few there are whom Mammon cannot crush ;  
Souls glorious, lighted with the sacred fire  
That glows upon God's altar—hearts that gush  
Sweet symphonies, as doth a golden lyre ;  
Free as the Alpine eagle that doth scan  
The wide expanse of mountain, plain, and sea ;  
Such only merit the proud name of *man*—  
Alone inherit glorious liberty !

---

### A Gem of a Chapel.

'Twas Sabbath, the beeches had burst into tender leaf,  
Silken and soft as the floss of a cloud,  
Along a green pathway I found myself wandering,  
Away from the church and the church-going crowd.

The bells of the city from turret and steeple, were  
Sprinkling the air with their soul-cheering din ;  
I thought of returning in time for the service, but  
While I kept thinking, the bells had rung in.

Lo ! yonder, where summer winds laden with meadow  
sweet,  
Stir the laburnum's long tresses of gold,  
Stands on the daisied lea, fronting invitingly,  
A neat little chapel—a gem to behold.

I entered the doorway, to listen the psalmody—  
With thrilling emotion I felt my heart warm ;  
I stole in on tip-toe, sat down with the worshippers—  
Devotion, before, ne'er possess'd such a charm.

For when the last peal of the organ had died away,  
Outside the bird-warblers had caught up the strain—  
Larks in the blue depths lost, shed down their Alleluiahs,  
Whilst the clear rivulet sang a refrain.

Lowly the worshippers, strong men with horny hands  
Little ones golden hair'd, matrons still fair—  
Maidens, with modesty halo'd and garmented,  
Veil'd their bright orbs as they joined in the prayer.

No sick'ning odours pervading the atmosphere  
From perfumed worshippers lolling at ease,  
But from the garden Sweet William and Marjoram,  
Mingled their sweets and blew in with the breeze.

Oaken the pulpit, with panels all quaintly carv'd,  
High in an alcove the organ bright shone ;  
Aged the pastor, yet glowing with earnest thought,  
Loving and simple—another Saint John.

Like tidings from home to the penitent wanderer—  
Tidings that tell of offences forgiv'n,  
The words of the preacher that found me incredulous,  
Left me repeating "Our Father in Heaven."

Outside the casement, I heard the leaves whisper, as  
Upward and downward they danced in their glee—  
The birds as they warbled, the brook as it rippled past,  
Join'd in declaring God's message to me.

Cloud-ships amid the sky sail'd in the light of it—  
Sunbeams upon the wall wrote it anew;  
Then to myself I said, Let this suffice for me,  
What all things utter must surely be true!

Sometimes I think, if the crowds in the city, who  
Flock to the fields on the Lord's sacred day,  
Had churches built out in the green fields to worship in,  
The boldest who stroll out might steal in to pray.

---

### The Little Church Lane.

Beyond the outer eddy of the city and the crowd,  
And the hum of human voices, on the outskirts of the cloud,  
That will ne'er dissolve in rain, runs a little country lane,  
And it leadeth to a chapel, that like a mellow apple,  
Lies a-basking in the sun;  
A little chapel where  
The Word of God is spoken, and the bread of life is broken,  
To a little flock assembled there.

In its hedges, perch'd together, sit the birds and tell the news;  
Or discuss the wintry weather, like old farmers in their pews,  
And the rooks keep up a chatter as the winds the dun leaves  
scatter,  
As I hie me to the chapel, that in summer like an apple,  
Lies a-basking in the sun;  
A little chapel where  
The people flock together, in the bleakest winter weather,  
To commune with God in prayer.

In that little lane, what matter though violets do not grow,  
Or though it boast no mossy banks where pale primroses  
blow ;

What though no flow'rets gay nod along its dusty way,  
If it lead me to a chapel that lies basking like an apple,  
    'Twixt the green leaves and the sun ;  
    A little chapel where

The gospel's simple story opens up a glimpse of glory,  
    To a little flock assembled there.

And though no silver brooklet fills my ear with Sabbath  
song,

All my inner life awaking, as I slowly plod along,  
Though the mossy mountain spring come not here to dance  
and sing, [revealing,

'Neath the lacing brambles stealing, all its crystal soul  
    As it sparkles in the sun,  
    There is music in the air,

While from the inner deep, glorious thoughts unutter'd leap,  
    As I journey to the house of prayer.

All along the little hedge that fences off our little lane,  
From the fields that gleam beyond with the gold of autumn  
grain,

Peeps the daisy from the grass, at the children as they pass  
To that little country chapel that like an autumn apple,

    Lies so golden in the sun ;

    That little chapel, where

The poor from woes distressing find a refuge and a blessing  
    As they wrestle with God in prayer.

Our little lane in summer is a bower of shining leaves  
Where morning decks with jewels bright the web the spider  
weaves,

While tiny wings of gauze, humming, fill the solemn pause,  
Left by bells no longer ringing—but within the flock are  
singing—

All their voices blent in one,  
In that little chapel, where  
The Word of God is spoken, and the bread of life is broken,  
And all a Father's blessing share.

---

### Sabbath Bells.

WHAT are those sounds I hear,  
Soft in the distance pealing,  
Into this leafy solitude—into my spirit stealing?

O, they are the Sabbath bells,  
From tower and steeple flinging  
Their cheerful call to worship God—to church his people  
ringing.

To formal ears they tell  
The hour of church convening,  
But to the earnest worshipper they have a deeper meaning.

To them those Sabbath bells  
Impart a gospel gladness,  
That flouts the Sabbath Pharisee, and mocks his solemn  
sadness.

Like the old Christmas chimes,  
They still repeat the story,  
How God the Father sent his Son to lead us home to glory.



How He, the Prince of Life,  
Lay cradled in a manger,  
And trod for us life's thorny path, unheeded and a stranger.

And while the chosen flock,  
To cushion'd pews they summon,  
They cheer the wand'rer's heart no less, both man and  
loving woman.

Even city arabs tell,  
How 'neath the sky's blue ceiling  
The joyous Sabbath bells awake a gush of purer feeling.

The while yon spires to heav'n  
Point with uplifted fingers,  
Those pealing Sabbath bells no less are God's love-message  
bringers.

Light borne upon the breeze,  
They come on wings of fleetness,  
Like God's own voice, they fill my soul with holy Sabbath  
sweetness.

The blue-bells in the wood  
Have ceased their fairy tinkle,  
To list those loving melodies the summer air besprinkle.

The green leaves hardly stir,  
The dew-pearls how they glisten, [listen.  
The wild-wood warblers cease their songs as if intent to

Down yonder in the glen,  
Methinks the laughing burnie, [journey.  
*Like* child by street musician caught, doth loiter on its

All nature list'neth mute,  
To catch the last faint tremble  
Flung from the dome of yonder fane, where praying souls  
assemble.

Why do those Sabbath bells  
Thus stir within my bosom  
The love I bear to man and beast—to bird, and bee, and  
blossom?

Things beauteous everywhere  
In love are sweetly blended,  
And kindred are to human thoughts, though seldom  
comprehended.

They cease, those Sabbath bells!  
Their echoes faint are dying,  
Yet Fancy deems she hears the sound of bells in heaven  
replying.

Thus through the fleshly veil,  
That round the soul enfoldeth,  
The glory of our future life, the inner eye beholdeth.

---

### A Dream of Juggernaut.

'Twas from my chamber window I watch'd the crowd below,  
As it reel'd in wild commotion tumultuous to and fro;  
Men, women, madly shouting, and treading each other down,  
To see some wondrous spectacle just passing into the town.



So terribly in earnest they rush'd into the strife,  
As if the proffer'd cup had been the elixir of life.

On came the god careering—down-crushing in his might,  
'The crowd of kneeling worshippers—it was a fearful sight;  
His car was drawn by famish'd wolves, by bloody instinct led,  
That as they went kept feasting on the dying and the dead.

Such madness of devotion—it made my heart feel sore,  
So many earnest worshippers I'd never seen before; [trust—  
While on each face there was expressed a deep confiding  
Some even clasp't the crushing wheels that ground them in  
the dust.

And oh! to think such earnest faith should only lead to hell;  
Would that the Lord of heaven and earth were worshipped  
half as well! [highest bliss  
That men would lift to him their thought, and find their  
In God, who planted in our souls the thirst for happiness.

How varied their oblations—no gifts were deem'd too great—  
Even crowns and coronets were there, and many a fair estate;  
There merchant princes brought their wealth—landowners  
gave their lands— [horny hands.  
While workmen gave the precious bread, earned by their

No swindling Annanias those worshippers among;  
The vilest devotee would ne'er have done so great a wrong;  
They brought their gifts without regret—their all was freely  
given; [heaven.  
Even to their lives, their precious souls, their very hopes of

The poet gave the riches of his creative brain  
In barter for an after life of poverty and pain;

The robber brought his ill-got gains,—the beggar gave his rags—

The miser, from his iron gripe, let go his money bags.

And woman! peerless woman! 'twas painful to behold,  
Giving those jewels that out-weigh a world's wealth of gold—  
Her modesty and chastity alike were cast aside—  
Twin ornaments that constitute her glory and her pride.

Dead to maternal feeling—deaf to its fond appeals ;  
Her little ones and then herself she flung before the wheels ;  
And when the rabble shouted in wild applauding mirth,  
I felt as if I stood upon a God-forsaken earth.

I marvell'd why Jehovah raised not his strong right hand,  
To smite the idol on his throne, and banish from our land  
This fruitful source of misery, depravity, and pain,  
And usher in that blessed time when temperance shall reign.

Widows and helpless orphans alike for help did cry,  
While men who styled themselves the Church in apathy  
stood by,  
And reeling in the idol's train were many I had seen  
Within the sacred edifice where Christian flocks convene.

Aye! more than one, whom I had known as preachers of  
the Word—

Ev'n elders who had minister'd at sacramental board,  
Now wore the idol's bloody badge, and all unblushing stood,  
The chief among this godless crew of traffickers in blood.

Are these the men we honour as pillars of the church ?  
Who daily trample under foot the gospel's sacred torch ;

Was it for this our Lord arose victorious from the grave,  
When he had given his precious life a guilty world to save?

But now a band of heroes, with patriotic glow,  
Came pouring in on every side to lay the idol low ;  
Some, fir'd with noble vengeance, rush'd at once to the attack,  
While others bore the wounded from the idol's bloody track—

With truth omnipotent they broke the demon spell ;  
The while they drew deluded souls baek from the brink of hell ;  
With loving words they led them away to summer fields  
To quaff those streams of pure delight, that only temperance  
yields.

Joy beam'd on many faces once darken'd by despair ;  
Now, lips that uttered blasphemy, were moved in earnest  
prayer ;  
And woman, lovely woman ! too, was rescued from the slain,  
And all her love and tenderness came back to her again.

Now to a host increasing they march'd in triumph on,  
Till Juggernaut began to reel, and totter on his throne ;  
And when his licens'd priests beheld their bloody traffic  
fail,  
They cried aloud unto their god as did the priests of Baal.

And then methought the air was rent with joyous trumpet  
peals, [wheels.  
For Juggernaut and all his train were dragged beneath the  
I woke, and lo! my little wife, look'd up with sunny gleam,  
She said I had been dreaming—but it was not all a dream.

**Little February.**

LITTLE, frosty February !  
Snowy, blowy February !  
Come to cheer the infant year—  
Welcome, little February !

Winter shouts his battle song—  
Smiting forests in his fury,  
Beateth loud his tempest-gong,  
All to welcome February !

Though thy breath be keen and cold,  
And thy clouds menacing hurry,  
Snow-drops, sprinkled o'er the wold  
Mark thy footsteps, February !

Black crows flitting thro' the pines  
Broken twigs and mosses carry.  
Yet thy sun delusive shines,  
Fair, yet fickle, February !

Celandines of golden hue !  
Little daisies bright and starry !  
Fold your tender buds anew—  
Trust not little February !

Budding hawthorn ! early brier !  
Yet a little longer tarry,  
Till she break her icy spear—  
Cold and cruel February !

Think not, with thy witching wiles,  
Thus to win us, fickle fairy !

Fleeting, cheating are thy smiles,  
Dear, deceitful February!

When thy skies no longer frown—  
When thy winds no longer vary—  
Wealth on Worth no more looks down—  
Then I'll trust thee, February!

Little, fickle February!  
Snowy, blowy February!  
Come to cheer the infant year—  
Welcome, little February!

---

### New-Year Hymn.

WHILE the voices of creation  
Join to praise Jehovah's name,  
Let us sing the great salvation,  
Love divine to men proclaim!  
Great our mission, great our mission,  
Souls from ruin to reclaim.

While the years successive measure  
Hours on hours with blessings stor'd  
May it be our highest pleasure  
Still to labour for the Lord!  
Glorious prospect! glorious prospect!  
Yet to see our world restored.

Hail, New-Year! with promise laden,  
All thy bright hours yet unfurl'd—



Smile on every Temp'rance Eden—  
Dawn in beauty o'er our world !  
May Intemp'rance, may Intemp'rance  
Soon from earth, O Lord, be hurl'd !

Blessed toil ! by Heav'n requited—  
Earth can yield no richer prize,  
Than to rescue souls benighted,  
And lead onward to the skies.  
To deliver, to deliver  
Men from bondage, Lord, arise !

While we swell the blissful chorus,  
With the saints around Thy throne,  
In the campaign march before us !  
Make, O Lord, our cause Thine own !  
May it prosper ! may it prosper !  
And on earth Thy will be done !

---

### The Firmament.

THE firmament ! the firmament !  
I love the azure firmament,  
That mighty lens through which we gaze  
On space beyond with worlds ablaze,  
Where bright maned comets onward leap,  
Where day and night alternate sweep.  
Night with her stars and meek-eyed moon,  
Day with her radiant crown of noon,  
Day with her footsteps burning bright,  
Sweeping our path with her robes of light.

The firmament! the firmament!  
The awe inspiring firmament,  
That fills the soul with thoughts of God,  
And makes us spurn our parent clod;  
That bends the mountains—dwarfs the hills,  
Till rivers shrink to tiny rills,  
That rises o'er the granite ben,  
Yet stoops to kiss the peaceful glen;  
And while its awful arch we view,  
Feel we are stamp'd with Godhead too.

The firmament! the firmament!  
I love the vernal firmament,  
When all throughout its azure sea  
Is pulsing with vitality;  
When man and beast, and bird, and flower,  
Are conscious of a quick'ning power,  
And feel with every breath of heaven  
A deeper inspiration given,  
When all the tribes on earth that throng  
Burst into beauty, life, and song.

The firmament! the firmament!  
I love the summer firmament.  
Its portals draped with morning gold,  
Its choral chants of field and fold,  
Its larks, live rockets of the day,  
Showering unseen their music spray,  
Its blended sweets of blossom'd June,  
Its bright cloud-bergs that sail at noon,  
Its dewy dawns, its evenings mild,  
Its sunset clouds in grandeur pil'd.

The firmament! the firmament!

I love the autumn firmament;  
Its harvest moons, broad orb'd, and white,  
Steeping the grain in their ripening light,  
Ere autumn from his throne of sheaves  
Pass from the earth in a whirl of leaves;  
Ere winter, the old man's thriftless heir,  
Scatter the tufts of his sire's grey hair;  
Ere the beauty that blushed on flower and tree,  
Be gather'd again to the ether sea.

The firmament! the firmament!

I love the winter firmament,  
Whether with clouds of the tempest hung,  
When the trump of the blast on the night hath rung,  
Or, when never a cloud the welkin bars  
To impede the flow of its river of stars,  
When the streamers dart to the midnight roof  
To mingle their warp with the bright star woof,  
Then uncover'd I stand 'neath the awful night  
Till my soul is bathed in its mystic light.

The firmament! the firmament!

I love the boundless firmament,  
For there bright spirit forms convene—  
"A cloud of witnesses unseen"  
Watching our steps at eve and morn,  
That bear to our world the souls new-born;  
And when we sink in death's cold night,  
Lead us to realms of life and light,  
Where beyond the welkin of earth's blue tent  
We'll gaze on a brighter firmament.

**Glad Summer is no more.**

## A DIRGE.

In the downward floating leaves—  
In the bird-deserted eaves—  
In the trembling sigh that heaves  
    My sad bosom to its core ;  
From each solemn sound I hear,  
Comes a strange foreboding fear,  
And it whispers in my ear,  
    The glad summer is no more !

Autumn flowers that linger still,  
In the glen, and on the hill,  
Weep in loneliness until  
    Your bright chalices run o'er ;  
Ye dim woods and forests old,  
Now your splendid robes upfold,  
Both the crimson and the gold,  
    For glad summer is no more.

Clouds that gather round our ball,  
Like a grim enclosing pall,  
Let your solemn curtains fall  
    From the zenith to the floor ;  
Whilst the brooklet o'er its bed,  
By the tuneful robin led,  
Sings the requiem of the dead  
    For glad summer, now no more.

Now the rooks depart in flocks,  
To the shelter of the oaks,  
To abide the battle shocks,  
    Of the tempests as they roar,

And the children as they pass,  
Seeking flowers among the grass,  
To each other cry, alas !

The glad summer is no more.

Ye clear fountains and ye rills  
That leap wild among the hills,  
Where all night the dew distils  
On the misty mountain hoar,  
As ye dash in snowy pride  
Down the boulder'd mountain side,  
Or to meet the sea you glide,  
Sing glad summer is no more.

Poet, minstrel ! where art thou ?  
With thy sad and thoughtful brow,  
Where the world of beauty now—  
Thou didst worship and adore ?  
By the roaring winter flood,  
Or the tempest-rifted wood,  
Wilt thou sing, in solemn mood,  
Of bright days that come no more ?

Or, by cheerful wintry fire,  
Wilt thou tune thy hopeful lyre,  
And still nourish fond desire,  
Till the winter time be o'er,  
Ever singing in thy soul,  
To the seasons as they roll,  
I shall one day reach the goal,  
Where reigns summer evermore.

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## Social Degradation.

As in the waters of the stagnant sewer  
The grosser particles, by Nature's law,  
Toward the centre slowly gravitate,  
Where they accumulate, grow rank, and breed  
Those pestilential vapours that unseen  
Steal o'er the world like grim assassins arm'd,  
And muffled in the darkness of the night ;  
So in society's strong ebb and flow  
There is a constant ever-tending down  
Of grosser human elements—of souls  
Made rank by vice, or poverty, or worse !  
By crime, that, like a millstone round the neck,  
Drags the doom'd victim to the lowest depths.  
Slowly, yet unresistingly, thus men  
Are drawn, as if by strong converging chains ;  
For such is degradation's constant law.  
All cities have those seething vortices—  
Their labyrinths of vennels, courts and wynds—  
Rank cesspools—morally, I speak—where sin,  
Disease, pale want, and dark-brow'd crime  
Feed ravenous on poor humanity.  
In haunts like these, men most increase their kind ;  
Children are born to beg, to starve, or steal !  
Thriving like maggots 'mid putridity,  
Or fungus growths festooning the dead tree.  
Thus we permit a deadly social sore  
Within our midst to prey upon our life,  
Which like the carcase in the passing ship,  
Attracts the ravenous monsters of the deep ;  
Or, as the taint of bloody battle-field

Invites the wheeling vultures from afar ;  
So here, the more rapacious of our kind  
Swoop down to feed on guilt's foul carrion.

First on the scene, the bloated publican,  
Like wary spider, carefully selects  
The corner for his splendid drunkenery !  
Next door, the harlot plies her fearful trade,  
An outcast from the heaven of purity,  
Her very name polluting to the lips ;  
A deadly Upas tree within our midst,  
Beneath whose baneful shadow virtue dies,  
Whose blighted sod gleams white with dead men's bones.  
Next door another human vampyre spreads  
His deadly wing, while from his talons hang  
The golden balls, the curst insignia  
That tempt the inebriate mother oft to strip  
Her home, or, worse ! her weeping innocents,  
To quench her thirst for fiery alcohol.

Men thrive on infamy, grow rich, retire,  
Build princely dwellings with their ill-got gains,  
Vainly imagining that bliss consists  
In the possession of earth's sordid dross.  
Too late they find they have believed a lie ;  
That with a life of labour they've but heap'd  
Up coals of fire on their devoted heads !

---

### To the Afflicted.

STEADILY ! steadily ! stagger not  
Beneath thy load of care ;  
'Tis God that lays the burden on,  
He'll give thee strength to bear.

Life is no sweet elysium—  
No paradise of rest,  
But battle-ground where every foot  
With foes we must contest.

On every face I find the trace  
Of some intestine war ;  
No human heart but feels the smart  
Of some unhealed scar.

There is no brow of constant calm,  
By peer or peasant worn ;  
The kingly crown, the couch of down,  
Have aye some stinging thorn.

The greatest hero is not he  
Who shrinks not from the steel ;  
Far nobler he who long can bear,  
Yet most acutely feel.

Strong self-denial nerves the soul,  
For greater, nobler deeds ;  
They who would reap life's fruit in heaven,  
On earth must sow the seeds.

Our souls—like ships—God ballasteth,  
To make them ride the gale ;  
The bending mast best meets the blast,  
When stript of every sail.

When unseen dangers hover near,  
The Father lifts the rod ;  
The blow that smites our idols down,  
The soul lifts nearer God.



I mourn not for the Christian—  
Tho' often to the brim  
His cup is filled with suffering—  
The Lord doth succour him !

What though he bear the heavy cross,  
And wear the thorny crown,  
He needs but turn his glance to heaven,  
To bring a blessing down.

He needs but form the wish, and ere  
That wish to heaven hath sped,  
The shining ones, with healing wings,  
Are hovering o'er his head.

But ah ! the souls that know not God,  
How much I pity them !  
They only hear his awful voice,  
In accents that condemn.

I pity, while I deem them brave,  
Who thus can darkly grope  
Their way through life ; nor God, nor guide,  
Nor yet one ray of hope.

No rest for them, no oasis  
With its relieving green ;  
No future bright with joys to come,  
No Christ on whom to lean.

No mighty Rock with grateful shade,  
No bright Siloah's pool,  
From which to lave the sparkling drops,  
The sin-parch'd soul to cool.

For them upon the sea of life,  
No Bethel-star is shining ;  
They see the dark clouds overhead,  
But not their silver lining.

Ho ! brothers, sisters, on life's path,  
Look upward to your God !  
See mercy beaming from his smile,  
O'er all his works abroad.

See in each flower, each blade of grass,  
A promise kindly given,  
Of sympathy and guidance here,  
With endless rest in heaven.

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### **Last Wishes.**

I WOULD not have my tomb  
With the great in sculptured gloom  
When I die ;  
But 'neath a low green sod,  
All in the sight of God,  
Would I lie.

I'd have a simple stone,  
With my name engraved thereon,  
But no more !  
Not a symbol, not a sign,  
Nor the swelling bardic line,  
To deplore.

For the lichen and the moss  
With soft fingers would emboss,  
    And erase  
What the chisel's tempered blade  
And the cunning hand had said  
    In my praise.

O, Nature, thou art kind  
To the part we leave behind!—  
    O'er my tomb  
Shall the buttercup yet spread,  
And the daisy lift its head  
    In full bloom.

I'd have a little tree  
To wave softly over me  
    Its green wings,  
Where a little bird may perch,  
And its speckled bosom arch,  
    As it sings.

And o'er me all the night  
The stars, with spirit-light  
    In their eyes,  
Will so lovingly look down  
On my lowly grave so lowne  
    Where it lies.

I'd have one faithful friend  
To be with me at my end—  
    To be near,  
When my spirit took its flight  
To the happy realms of light;  
    While the tear,

To our deathless friendship given,  
I would bear with me to heaven  
    As a gem,  
Where its drop of living crystal  
I would wear in my celestial  
    Diadem.

O to feel the friendly grasp !  
While my other hand would clasp  
    Jewelled fingers  
Of the beautiful, the blest,  
Smiling through the dreamy mist  
    That aye lingers

'Twixt the living and the dead—  
Round the soul to dust yet wed ;  
    For Christ's sake !  
When my spirit sinks to rest,  
In the mansions of the blest  
    May I awake !

## EARLIER PIECES.

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### The Poor Man's Wealth.

HORNÝ handed child of labour! dusky visaged man of toil,  
All day working, all day sweating, lest thy children starve  
the while;  
Disappointment in thy bosom, clouds of care upon thy  
brow,  
Joyfully I hail thee, brother! warms my heart to such as  
thou.

Little know the rich, the noble, what is meant by being  
poor—  
Hardship is to them a stranger; want ne'er skulks behind  
the door.  
If alone earth's yellow treasure yieldeth true felicity,  
They alone have lasting pleasure—we the deeper misery.

Were they blest, then might they never wake up from their  
blissful dream,  
But I fear their joys are ever less delighting than they seem.  
Brother! be not discontented, working men have treasures  
too—  
*Gems and jewels, gold unreckon'd, everlasting, ever new.*

Knowledge is the poor man's treasure ; richest he who most  
doth know ;

Man content to live unknowing is the poorest wretch below.  
Nor alone, were men created live-machines to drudge and  
toil ;

For the life that burns within us is no product of the soil.

Dost thou know we are related to the world's Creator God?  
That though poor, we are his children, this is why he wields  
the rod ;

Dost thou know we have a Brother pleading for us in the  
skies ? [Paradise.

He who purchased with his life-blood homes for us in

Why should death by us be dreaded ? death but ends our  
mortal strife ; [our life.

Through the gloom, behold, O brother ! a new dawning of  
Earthly joys oft prove deceitful ; pleasure oft becomes our  
foe, [below.

Just as flowers bloom the fairest, when there's rottenness

Shun the social cup—'tis poison when disguis'd in friend-  
ship's name ; [the flame.

They who dally with strong drink are like the moth around  
Never think to drown thy sorrows in the madd'ning mid-  
night bowl ; [in thy soul.

Wouldst thou blindly grasp the hand that plants a dagger

Pleasures like to these, can never yield the weary spirit  
rest,— [blest ;

Aim at higher joys, and purer, if thou wouldst be truly  
Shun the fatal road to ruin, howe'er flowery be the path,  
Lest thy feet unwary stumble on the gloomy rocks of  
wrath.

Evil habits, tempers, passions, are the foes we have to fight;  
Diamonds by their own dust polished, yield the most re-  
splendent light.

Where night's shadow lies the deepest, stars the brighter  
will be seen; [brightest green.  
Where stern winter reigns the coldest, mosses wear the

O, that men should know so little of the beautiful and true!  
Why should Eden's fairest clusters be the portion of the  
few?

Men in years! in thoughts yet infants! cast aside your  
trifling toys; [tal joys.  
Strive to reach that higher manhood that delights in men-

Clouds of error now are lifting their dark shadows from  
our isle; [smile;  
Phantom night is fast retreating, lo! the dawn begins to  
Ignorance and superstition, long our prison-walls of gloom,  
By truth's mighty arm laid prostrate. Heaven had long  
forewrit their doom.

Rise we then, from 'mid the ruins, Herculean in our might;  
Onward! mingle with immortals toiling up perfection's  
height;  
Thoughts from star to star traversing, while our feet low  
tread the soil— [while.  
Let us emulate the angels, though in workshop pent the

While on their bright footsteps treading up yon starry  
paths to God— [the clod.  
Feed our souls on heavenly wisdom, and the clod will feed  
Heaven's pure light around us beaming joyfully we'll soon  
behold,  
Love divine to mankind streaming,—this alone is *real* gold.

## The Lass o' Strathaven.

*Air—"BANKS O' THE DEE."*

O DEAR to my heart are thy scenes, winding Avon !  
Thy bosky green dells, and ilk gowany lea ;  
Twas there I first met the sweet lass o' Strathaven,  
And dearer than life was that lassie to me.  
O sweet are the rosebuds that deck thy green bushes,  
And fair the red orchis among thy green rushes ;  
But sweeter to me were her cheeks' crimson blushes,  
When first she consented to wander wi' me.

Her een were the dew-drops that gem the red gowans ;  
Her ringlets o' gowd were the sport o' the breeze ;  
Her bonnie ripe lips like the shining red rowans,  
Ripe autumn, in bunches, flings doon frae thy trees.  
On wings o' impatience my heart flew to meet her,  
Sae witching her beauty, sae fair ilka feature ;  
Her breath than ripe roses a thousand times sweeter,  
As fondly she whispered, "I'll wander wi' thee."

O dear to my heart are thy murmurs, clear Avon !  
Still dear the saft bleat o' the lambs on thy braes ;  
Those voices I hear 'mang thy woods gently wavin',  
Are a' lovin' melodies sung in her praise !  
In Kype's woody dell, frae the pine and green willow,  
The sang o' the mavis comes soothing and mellow ;  
But Phœbe's sweet voice rang through ilka green hollow,  
As love's glowing numbers she warbled wi' me !

But, ah ! while my harp thus pours forth her wild numbers,  
My bosom is heaving wi' sorrow and pain !  
In death's cauld embrace my dear lassie now slumbers ;  
She's left her fond Jamie to wander alane !



But, O, gentle Avon ! the thought winna lea' me,  
That here on thy banks her blest spirit is wi' me,  
To watch and protect her now heart-broken Jamie,  
While doon thy wild glen she still wanders wi' me.

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### The Bird Among the Thorns.

A LITTLE bird with rosy breast  
Sat singing on a thorny tree ;  
A blue-eyed boy in boyish glee  
The little warbler thus addressed :—

“Thou bird of beauty ! tell me why,  
Surrounded thus by many a spear,  
Thou sing'st so sweet ? Hast thou no fear ?  
Dost thou each deadly point defy ?

“To where yon shady poplar springs,  
I'd soar away if I were thee ;  
Then leave, O leave, that dangerous tree,  
Lest it should rend thy flutt'ring wings.

“The blinding snow careers along—  
The wintry winds, so piercing cold,  
Are coursing o'er the dreary wold,  
Nor stay to hear thy cheerful song.

“Thy feet how red—the cold how keen—  
I'd marvel less to hear thee mourn ;  
Till kindly spring again return,  
A homeless thing thou'lt be, I ween.”

By this the bird had ceased to sing ;  
Again its voice the stillness broke ;  
And thus the little minstrel spoke,  
The boy the while stood wondering :—

“ Kind-hearted youth I'll tell thee why,  
Even here amid this prickly thorn,  
My little wings remain untorn,  
And I can sing so joyfully.

“ That God who made the wintry wind,  
The drifting snow, and thorny tree,  
Careth for helpless things like me—  
Careth for me, for he is kind.

“ Each day his hand provides me food—  
Each day he tunes my heart to sing—  
Each night, within this downy wing,  
He folds me up, he is so good.

“ Thus like a child so fondly nurs'd,  
With grateful heart I wait the spring ;  
If I were not allowed to sing,  
Methinks this swelling heart would burst.

“ I often sing to this old tree,  
When days are dark and crumbs are few,  
That so, when deadly hands pursue,  
Its prickly arms may shelter me.

“ Soon as the year's young flowers have come  
I'll leave behind my bush of thorn ,  
Then high on new-fledged wing upborne,  
I'll hie me to a fairer home.”

And human life is like a tree—  
A wintry tree—a wasted thorn ;  
Yet hearts that love, though often torn,  
Warble amid its boughs with glee.

For soon on strong immortal wing,  
Beyond this thorny life they'll rise—  
To where no tempests veil the skies—  
Where worlds put on eternal spring.

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### Where are the Flowers?

THE little flowers, ah ! whither have they fled ?  
What ruthless hand hath reft them from the clod ?  
Gems of unreckon'd worth, they were I ween,  
Shower'd from the boundless treasury of God.

Sweet flowers ! I miss them on the lone wayside,  
When homeward plodding from my weary toil ;  
Deep musings on their varied loveliness,  
Lessened, methought, each slow receding mile.

Nor do I find you in the dusky glen,  
Deep blushing in its sylvan, soft retreat,  
When press'd by care, or driven by heartless men  
To court mild nature's consolation sweet.

Thou sweetest daisy ! childhood's fairy flower,  
Gem of the green turf—herald of the spring—  
I loved thee for thy sinless purity.  
*Myself the while a far less holy thing !*

The world doth scorn me—not because I'm poor;  
I uttered truth, and lost it's hollow smile;  
O would, sweet flower, my life resembled thine,  
For thou art fair, though trampled on the while.

How oft I've wandered to yon shady burn,  
When smiling Sol had kissed away the dew—  
Fondly to gaze upon the sweet mouse-ear,  
And count its many stars of brightest blue.

High o'er the margin of that limpid brook,  
The eglantine hung many a rosy gem,  
While modest violets bent before the breeze,  
And blue bells danc'd upon their wiry stem.

Sweet flowers! where'er I roam your loss I mourn;  
How desolate each forest mead and bower!  
My weary steps, ah! whither shall I turn?  
Where shall I find one little blushing flower?

Go ask the surly winds, with icy breath,  
Loud whistling o'er the naked stubble field,  
Shading the herd-boy's cheek with hue of death,  
Crouching for shelter in his mossy bield!

Go, ask yon few remaining wither'd leaves,  
Still fondly clinging to the naked tree—  
Ask the mute minstrels of the leafless grove,  
That erst have sung to thee so joyfully!

Ask, if thou wilt, yon scowling winter sky—  
The roaring blast—the furious pelting hail,  
The little flowers in death low withering lie:  
All nature answers with a plaintive wail!

Yet there is one omnipotent, and He  
Will give us back the tender flowers again;  
The earth he girdleth with his sheltering arm—  
Then why should man ere murmur or complain?

And O, my heart exulteth when I feel,  
That He who made the little sinless flowers,  
In mercy waits each wanderer to bless,  
For O! He loves this guilty world of ours.

# GLOSSARY.

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## A.

A'. All.  
 Aboon. Above.  
 Aboot. About.  
 Ae. One.  
 Aff. Off.  
 Afore. Before.  
 Aft. Oft.  
 Aften. Often.  
 Agley. Off the right line.  
 Aiblins. Perhaps.  
 Ain. Own.  
 Air. Early.  
 Airn. Iron.  
 Aits. Oats.  
 Agee. Agley.  
 Alane. Alone.  
 Amaist. Almost.  
 Amang. Among.  
 Amen's. Amends  
 An'. And.  
 Ance. Once.  
 Aneath. Beneath.  
 Ane. One.  
 Anither. Another.  
 Aught. Possession  
 Auld. Old.  
 Auldfarran. Sagacious, sly.  
 Ava. At all.  
 Awa'. Away.  
 Awfu'. Awful.  
 Awn'. Owning.  
 Aw'd. Owed.

## B

Ba'. Ball.  
 Bab. Bunch  
 Bairn. A child.  
 Baith. Both.  
 Balance. Money due to the weaver  
 when the web is finished.  
 Bane. Bone.

Banes. Bones.  
 Bang. A blow.  
 Bannet. Bonnet.  
 Bareft. Barefooted.  
 Barley bree. Whisky.  
 Batter, On the. Drinking fit.  
 Bauld. Bold.  
 Bawbee. A halfpenny.  
 Ban, A band. To curse.  
 Banless. Reckless.  
 Bassent. Having a white mark on  
 the face.  
 Beagle. Sheriff's officer.  
 Beek. To shine, to warm.  
 Befal'. Befall.  
 Begunkit. Led astray, befooled.  
 Beuk. Book, the Bible.  
 Ben. Into the parlour, or spence.  
 Ben-en'. The parlour.  
 Biel. Shelter.  
 Bien. Wealthy, respectable.  
 Big. To build.  
 Biggin. House.  
 Birl. To rise or fall with a quick  
 whirling motion.  
 Birn. Stem of heath.  
 Birk. Birch.  
 Birkie. A brother, boy.  
 Birze. To bruise, to press down.  
 Bizz. To buzz.  
 Blate. Bashful.  
 Blaw. Blow.  
 Black nebs. The opponents of Go-  
 vernment.  
 Blackboids. Fruit of the bramble.  
 Bleeze. To blaze.  
 Bleerie. Blinking, sore-eyed.  
 Blether. To talk nonsense.  
 Blink. To look kindly, to shine by fits.  
 Blin'. Blind.  
 Bluid. Blood.  
 Bock. To retch, to vomit.  
 Bogle. Spirit, hobgoblin.  
 Boie. A square aperture in the wall  
 of a kitchen.

Bonnie. Handsome, beautiful.  
 Boo. To bow.  
 Bools. Marbles, boulders.  
 Boozin'. Drinking.  
 Bow. Boll.  
 Bowt. Bent.  
 Brae. Hillside.  
 Braid. Broad.  
 Brak. Brake.  
 Braw. Fine, handsome.  
 Braws. Fine clothes.  
 Braxy. Diseased mutton.  
 Breeka. Breeches.  
 Breede. Breadth.  
 Brig. Bridge.  
 Brither. Brother.  
 Brocht. Brought.  
 Brock. Badger.  
 Brod. Board.  
 Broo. Brow.  
 Broon. Brown.  
 Brose. Scalded oat meal.  
 Buffa. Lunga.  
 Buffy. Plump.  
 Bumbee. Humble bee.  
 Burn. Rivulet.  
 Burnie. Streamlet.  
 Busk. To dress.  
 Buskit. Dressed.  
 But-an'-ben. The kitchen and parlour.  
 Byke. Bee-hive.  
 Byra. Cowhouse.

## C.

Ca'. To call, to drive.  
 Ca'd. Called, driven.  
 Caddy. Young fellow.  
 Callan. Boy.  
 Caller. Fresh.  
 Cannie. Gentle, mild.  
 Cam'. Came.  
 Cantle. To overturn.  
 Canker'd. Ill-natured.  
 Cantle. Merry.  
 Canna. Cannot.  
 Cap-stane. Cope-stone.  
 Carle. An old man.  
 Carlin. A stout old woman.  
 Catter. Cash.  
 Cauld. Cold.  
 Caulrife. Cold, unkind.  
 Chap. Fellow.  
 Chiel. Fellow.  
*Chlitter. To shiver, tremble.*  
*Chow. Chew.*

Chuckie stanes. Pebbles.  
 Clachan. Village.  
 Claes. Clothes.  
 Claiith. Cloth.  
 Clashin'. Tale-bearing.  
 Clatter. Noise, idle talk.  
 Clatty. Nasty.  
 Claver. To talk nonsense.  
 Clavers. Claverhouse.  
 Clarkit. To act as a clerk.  
 Cleed. Clothe.  
 Cleek. Hook.  
 Cleg. A feathered dart.  
 Clink. Cash.  
 Clouted. Mended.  
 Clootie. The devil.  
 Clouter. Mender.  
 Clour. To beat in, a blow.  
 Cluds. Clouds.  
 Clyte. A fall.  
 Coft. Bought.  
 Coof. Clown.  
 Cool. Cowl, night-cap.  
 Coom. Soot.  
 Coonger. To scold.  
 Coor. Cower, to hide.  
 Coup. Overturn.  
 Cowa. Branch of heather or broom.  
 Cout. Colt.  
 Conthie. Kind.  
 Crap. Crop.  
 Craw. Crow.  
 Crack. To converse.  
 Craigie. Rocky.  
 Croodle. To sing low, to coo.  
 Croon. To hum a tune.  
 Croon. Crown.  
 Cuddle. To embrace, to fondle.  
 Cushie doo. Cushat dove.  
 Cuff. To slap.  
 Cutty. Low stool.

## D.

Dad, or Daddie. A father.  
 Dae. Do.  
 Daffin. Sport, merriment.  
 Daidle. To drink.  
 Daidlie. Pinafore.  
 Daised. Stupefied.  
 Dan'er. To walk, wander.  
 Daners, or Danders. Cinderas.  
 Dang. Drove, overcame.  
 Dask. Desk.  
 Daurna. Dare not.  
 Daver. To maunder.  
 Dawd. To thump, a large piece.

Dawtit. Well beloved, fondled.  
 Dearie. Diminutive of dear.  
 Deave. To deafen.  
 Dee. To die.  
 Deein'. Dying.  
 Deevil. Devil.  
 Deil. Devil.  
 Dicht. To wipe.  
 Ding. To push, to worst.  
 Dinna. Do not.  
 Dimented. Insane.  
 Disgeskit. Dissipated, broken down.  
 Disna. Does not.  
 Divat. Sod.  
 Dizen. Dozen.  
 Dyke. Wall, fence.  
 Dochter. Daughter.  
 Docken. Dock.  
 Dool. Sorrow.  
 Doo. Dove.  
 Doon. Down.  
 Doot. Doubt.  
 Donert. Absent, stupid.  
 Dong. Dog.  
 Doune. Stubborn.  
 Douk. To dip.  
 Douce. Quiet, well behaved.  
 Dowie. Mournful.  
 Dubs. Pools.  
 Duddy. Ragged.  
 Dune. Done.  
 Dunkit. Crestfallen.  
 Dunter. Weaver.  
 Dumfoundert. Astounded.  
 Drap. Drop.  
 Drapple. Diminutive of drap.  
 Draigled. Draggled.  
 Dragen. Kite.  
 Drave. Drove.  
 Dree. To suffer, to endure.  
 Dreep. To drip.  
 Droich. A dwarf.  
 Drookit. Drenched.  
 Drouth. Thirst.  
 Drucken. Drunken.

## E.

E'a. The eye.  
 Een. The eyes.  
 E'en. Evening.  
 Eerie. Frightened.  
 Eller. Elder.  
 En'. End.  
 Ettle. To try, intend.

## F.

Fa'. Fall.  
 Farl. A cake.

Faither. Father.  
 Fauld. Fold.  
 Farer. Farther.  
 Fash. Trouble.  
 Fause. False.  
 Fearfu'. Fearful.  
 Fecht. To fight.  
 Feckless. Weak, silly.  
 Feth. Faith.  
 Fend. To defend.  
 Ferlie. A wonder.  
 Fiel'. Field.  
 Fin'. To find, to feel.  
 Fit. Foot.  
 Flea. To fly.  
 Flair. Floor.  
 Flannen. Flannel.  
 Flees. Flies.  
 Flichter. Flutter.  
 Fleg. To chase, to scare.  
 Flicker. To flutter.  
 Flyte. To scold.  
 Fou'. Drunk.  
 Forbye. Besides.  
 Fu'. Full.  
 Fule. Fool.  
 Frae. From.  
 Fricht. Fright.  
 Frien'. Friend.  
 Framert. Strange, not of kin.  
 Fyle. To dirty.  
 Fyke. State of anxiety.

## G.

Ga'. Gall.  
 Gaberlunzie. Old beggar man.  
 Gae. To go.  
 Gaed. Went.  
 Gaet. Way, road, manner.  
 Gane. Gone.  
 Gaug. Go, to walk.  
 Gar. To make, to force to.  
 Gat. Got.  
 Gaun. Going.  
 Gear. Goods, riches.  
 Gee'. The pet, displeasure.  
 Get. A child, a bastard.  
 Ghaist. A ghost.  
 Gie. To give.  
 Gin. If.  
 Gir. Hoop.  
 Glamour. Witchcraft.  
 Gloamin'. Dusk, evening.  
 Glint. To peep.  
 Glour. To stare.  
 Glunsh. To frown.



Goup. To throb.  
 Gowan. Daisy.  
 Gowden. Golden.  
 Gowk. The cuckoo, a term of contempt.  
 Grat. Wept, shed tears.  
 Grab. To steal.  
 Gree. To agree.  
 Gree. The prize.  
 Greet. To weep, to cry.  
 Grien. To desire, to long for.  
 Grit. Great, gracious.  
 Groat. Fourpence.  
 Grue. To shudder.  
 Grun'. Ground.  
 Grumphies. Swine.  
 Guid. Good.  
 Guida. Goods.  
 Guidman and Guidwife. Master and Mistress.  
 Gyte. Crazy, outrageous.

## H.

Ha'. Hall.  
 Haddin'. Gathering.  
 Hae. To have.  
 Haena. Have not.  
 Hain. To save.  
 Haffet. The temple, side of the head.  
 Haffins. Nearly half.  
 Haivers. Nonsense.  
 Hallan'. Dwelling.  
 Hale. Whole.  
 Halsome. Wholesome.  
 Hallow. Hollow.  
 Hame. Home.  
 Hamely. Homely.  
 Han'. Hand.  
 Hanie. Diminutive of han'.  
 Hantle. A considerable number.  
 Hap. An outer garment, to wrap.  
 Harkeners. Harkeners.  
 Haut. To halt.  
 Haud. To hold.  
 Harl. To drag.  
 Harness-tyin'. A meeting of weavers to assist a shopmate in preparing his harness for a new web.  
 Het. Hot.  
 Hicht. Hight.  
 Hielan'. Highland.  
 Hingin'. Hanging.  
 Hirple. To limp.  
 Hizzle. Hussy, young woman.  
 Hoo. How.  
 Hool. Outer skin or shell.

Hoose. House.  
 Hoast. To cough.  
 Hotch. Movement of the body under the influence of laughter.  
 Howdie. Midwife.  
 Howe. Hollow.  
 Howf. Rendezvous, house of resort.  
 Hoichel. To walk slovenly.  
 Howk. To dig.  
 Howin. Holm.  
 Huddy craws. Carrion crows.  
 Hudder. Disorder, confusion.  
 Hunkers. The hams.  
 Huner. A hundred.  
 Humplocks. Heaps, hillocks.  
 Hurdies. The loins.

## I.

I'. In.  
 Ilk, or Ilka. Each, every.  
 Ingle. Fire, fireplace.  
 Ither. Other, one another.  
 Imph-m. Nasal affirmative.

## J.

Jams. The stone on each side the fireplace.  
 Jamp. Leapt.  
 Jaw. A considerable quantity of any liquid.  
 Jaud. Jade.  
 Jaup. To splash.  
 Jimp. Contracted, within the mark.  
 Jist. Just.  
 Joe. A lover.  
 Jouk. To stoop, to hide.

## K.

Kail. Colewort, broth.  
 Kaber. A beam, or rafter.  
 Kebbock. A cheese.  
 Keek. To peep, look by stealth.  
 Keellie. Pickpocket.  
 Ken. To know.  
 Kent. Known, knew.  
 Kenna. Know not.  
 Kenle. Kindle.  
 Kep. To hinder.  
 Kinmer. A young woman, a gossip.  
 Kintra. Country.  
 Kittle. Difficult, hazardous.  
 Klokes. Cockroaches.

Knowes. Hillocks, knolls.  
 Kye. Cows.  
 Kyte. The belly.  
 Kytch. To jerk.

## L.

Laddie. Boy.  
 Laich. Low.  
 Laith. Loath.  
 Laithsome. Loathsome.  
 Lalhfu'. Bashful.  
 Lammie. Lamb, infant.  
 Lamp. To take long strides.  
 Lan'. Land.  
 Lane. Lone.  
 Lanesome. Lonesome, lonely.  
 Lang. Long, to weary.  
 Langsyne. Long ago.  
 Lave. The rest, the remainder.  
 Laverock. The lark.  
 Leal. Loyal, true.  
 Lea. Grass land, to leave.  
 Lear. Learning.  
 Lees. Lies.  
 Lee-lang. Live-long.  
 Leevin'. Living.  
 Leddies. Ladies.  
 Leme. A gleam.  
 Leuch. Did laugh.  
 Lift. The sky.  
 Licht. Light.  
 Lichtnin'. Lightning.  
 Lightly. To speak lightly of.  
 Linn. Waterfall.  
 Lintie. Linnet.  
 Linkin'. Tripping.  
 Lo'e. To love.  
 Loon. A fellow.  
 Lowe. A flame.  
 Lowin'. Flaming.  
 Loupin'. Leaping.  
 Lown. Calm.  
 Lowse. To loose.  
 Lug. The ear.  
 Lum. Chimney.  
 Luve. Love, to love.  
 Lyart. Grey.

## M.

Ma'r. More.  
 Maist. Most.  
 Maister. Master.  
 Mak'. Make.  
 Maik. Halfpenny, wife.

Mang. Among.  
 Mavis. Thrush.  
 Mauken. Haie.  
 Maun. Must.  
 Maut. Malt.  
 Men'. To mend.  
 Mensefu'. Good mannered.  
 Micht. Might.  
 Min'. Mind.  
 Minnie. Mother.  
 Mirk. Dark.  
 Misca'. To abuse, to call names.  
 Mistaen. Mistaken.  
 Mither. Mother.  
 Mony. Many.  
 Mou. The mouth.  
 Muckle, or Mickle. Great, much.  
 Mutches. Caps.

## N.

Nae. No, not any.  
 Naething. Nothing.  
 Nappy. Ale.  
 Nane. None.  
 Neb. The bill, nose.  
 Negleckit. Neglected.  
 Neuk. Nook.  
 Neist. Next.  
 Nieve. The fist.  
 Niffer. To exchange.  
 Nowt. Cattle.

## O.

O'. Of.  
 Ocht. Anything.  
 Ony. Any.  
 Oot. Out.  
 Orra. Extra, that can be spared.  
 Our. Our.  
 Owre. Over.  
 Owrie. Shivering.  
 Oxtar. The arm pit.

## P.

Parritch. Porridge.  
 Pat. Pot.  
 Pawkie. Sly.  
 Pechin. The stomach.  
 Peenie. Pinafore.  
 Pickle. Small quantity.  
 Pirn-wheel. Wheel for winding yarn.

Plenished. Furnished.  
 Plow. Plough.  
 Pow. The head.  
 Pouch. Pocket.  
 Pu'. To pull.  
 Peeveral. A bit of thin stone or slate, used by children at the game of pallall.  
 Puddock. Frog.  
 Puddock-stools. Mushrooms.  
 Puk. To pull.  
 Puir. Poor.  
 Puirith. Poverty.  
 Pupit. Pulpit.  
 Pundie. Whisky.  
 Preen. Pin.  
 Pree. To taste.  
 Prog. To thrust, to stab.

## R.

Ramble. Drinking bout.  
 Rattan. Rat.  
 Rantin'. Jovial.  
 Randie. Scold.  
 Raucie. Rash, stout.  
 Raw. A row.  
 Raxin'. Tall, stretching.  
 Ree. Half-drunk.  
 Rape. A rope.  
 Reek. Smoke.  
 Reekit. Smoked.  
 Relat. To stand still.  
 Reestit. Dried, withered.  
 Reel. A dance.  
 Richt. Right.  
 Rig. A ridge.  
 Riff-raff. The rabble.  
 Rin. To run.  
 Rive. To tear.  
 Roostit. Rusty.  
 Rockin'. Tea party.  
 Roun. Round.  
 Roosed. Praised.  
 Roupit. Hoarse.  
 Rowt. Rolled.  
 Rowan. The fruit of the mountain ash.  
 Rue. To regret.  
 Rug. To pull, or shake violently.  
 Rung. A cudgel.  
 Runt. Stem of kail, the sound of large scissors.  
 Runkle. To wrinkle.

## S.

Sab. To sob.  
 See. So.

Saff's! or saff us! Save us!  
 Sair. Sore.  
 Sark. Shirt.  
 Sang. Song.  
 Sant. Saint.  
 Saul. Soul.  
 Saut. Salt.  
 Sax. Six.  
 Scalth. To damage, injury.  
 Scart. To scratch.  
 Scaup. The skull.  
 Scauld. To scold.  
 Scone. A cake of bread.  
 Screech. To shriek.  
 Screed. To tear.  
 Scrimp. Scant.  
 Scrimpit. Scanty.  
 Schule. School.  
 Scour. To rub, to run.  
 Score. A line.  
 Scowther. To burn, scald.  
 Scunner. To loathe.  
 Sel'. Self.  
 Sen'. Send.  
 Settle. Flat stone, a seat.  
 Shachled. Out of shape.  
 Shaw. A wood, to show.  
 Sheelin'. Cottage.  
 Sheugh. A ditch.  
 Shinty. A stick crooked at the end.  
 Shool. A shovel.  
 Shoon. Shoes.  
 Shilpit. Starved.  
 Shuglie. Loose.  
 Shouther. The shoulder.  
 Sic. Such.  
 Sicker. Severe.  
 Sin. Since.  
 Simmer. Summer.  
 Siller. Silver, money.  
 Sinfu'. Sinful.  
 Skelpin'. Walking briskly.  
 Skep. A hive.  
 Skinklin. Sparkling.  
 Skirl. To shriek.  
 Skriech. To scream.  
 Seyte. To glance off.  
 Slae. Sloe.  
 Slap. A stile.  
 Slea. Sly.  
 Stocken. To quench.  
 Sma'. Small.  
 Smiddy. Smithy.  
 Snaw. Snow.  
 Snell. Keen.  
 Sneeshin'-mill. Snuff-box.  
 Snirt. To laugh restrainedly.  
 Snod. Nest.

Socht. Sought.  
 Souch. The sound of the wind.  
 Soot. Swept.  
 Souter. A shoemaker.  
 Spak. Spoke.  
 Spaen. To wean.  
 Spate. A flood.  
 Spiel. To climb.  
 Spen. To spend.  
 Spence. The parlour.  
 Spier. To ask.  
 Spew. To vomit.  
 Sprachled. Sprawled.  
 Spree. Drinking bout.  
 Stack. Rick of hay or corn.  
 Stan'. To stand.  
 Stanin'-stroke. A web standing in the loom.  
 Stane. Stone.  
 Stang. To sting.  
 Stap. To step.  
 Stap. To stop.  
 Stava. To walk heedlessly.  
 Staw. To surfeit.  
 Steek. To shut, a stitch.  
 Steerin'. Restless.  
 Steer-aboot. A romp.  
 Steeve. Firm, determined.  
 Sten. To rear.  
 Stent. Dues, taxes.  
 Stey. Steep.  
 Stirk. A cow or bullock a year old.  
 Stolt. To stumble.  
 Stock. Front of the bed.  
 Stock. A shock of corn.  
 Stool. A seat.  
 Stot. An ox.  
 Stoup. A liquor measure.  
 Stoure. Dust.  
 Stoun, or Stoun'd. To ache, a pang.  
 Stovin'. Steaming.  
 Strae. Straw.  
 Strak. Did strike.  
 Strappin'. Tall and handsome.  
 Straucht. Straight.  
 Streek. To stretch.  
 Stroop. Mouth piece.  
 Stumplit. Cut short.  
 Swang. Swung.  
 Swapt. Exchanged.  
 Swea. To push aside.  
 Sweer. Reluctant.  
 Swirl. To whirl, to eddy.  
 Swith. Quickly.  
 Swither. To waver, to hesitate.  
 Syna. Since, then.

## T.

Tae. Too.  
 Tak. To take.  
 Tap. The top.  
 Tapselteria. Topsy turvy.  
 Tanga. The tonga.  
 Tarrie. Terrier.  
 Tuttie. Potatoes.  
 Teins. Teinds.  
 Tether. To tie, a rope.  
 Tent. To take heed.  
 Thack. Thatch.  
 Theek. To thatch.  
 Thegither. Together.  
 Thole. To suffer.  
 Thoom. The thumb.  
 Thrang. Throng, to be busy.  
 Thraw. To quarrel.  
 Threshes. Rushes.  
 Thuner. Thunder.  
 Thrum. A thread, fag end of a web.  
 Tine. To lose.  
 Tint. Lost.  
 Tither. The other.  
 Tisna. 'Tis not.  
 Toddle. To walk as a child.  
 Toom. Empty.  
 Toothfu'. A glassful.  
 Toon or Toun. Town.  
 Tottle. To fall.  
 Tousle or Towzie. Rough, shaggy.  
 Tosh. To clean, to put in order.  
 Tumel. To tumble.  
 'Tweel. At well, truly.  
 'Twerna. It were not.  
 Tyke. A dog.

## U.

Ugsome. Horrible, unsightly.  
 Unco. Strange, great, prodigious.

## W.

Wa'. A wall.  
 Wab. Web.  
 Wabster. A weaver.  
 Wad. Would.  
 Waddin'. Wedding.  
 Wadna. Would not.  
 Wae. Woe.  
 Waefu'. Waeful.  
 Waggity-wa'. A German clock.  
 Walth. Plenty.  
 Wame. The belly.

Wan'er. To wander.	Win'. Wind.
Wanter. A person unmarried	Winna. Will not.
Warl. The world.	Winnock. Window.
Warsle. To wrestle.	Winsome. Handsome.
Wark. Work.	Wizzen or Weasand. The gullet.
Warst. Worst.	Withouten. Without.
Wat. Wet.	Wonner. A wonder.
Waur. Worse.	Woo'. Wool.
Wauchle. To walk with difficulty.	Woo. To court, to make love to.
Waucht. A draught.	Worl'. The world.
Wauken. To awake.	Wrack. Wreck, ruin.
Wean. A child.	Wraith. A ghost, apparition.
Wee. Little.	Wrang. Wrong.
Weel. Well, welfare.	Wrocht. Wrought.
Weet. Wet, rain.	Wud. Mad, crazy.
Wha. Who.	Wuds. Woods.
Whalp. Whelp.	Wyte. Blame, to blame.
Whase. Whose.	
Whaup. The curlew.	
Whaur. Where.	
Whilk. Which.	
Whins. Furze.	
Whisht. Hush! to keep silence.	
Whussle. To whistle.	
Whomel. To overturn.	
Whinstane. Whinstone.	
Wi'. With.	
Widdle. To totter.	
Wicht. Wight.	
Wife. Diminutive of wife.	
Wimble. To meander.	

## Y.

Yard. Garden.
Yerkit. Pressed, packed.
Yett. A gate.
Yill. Ale.
Yird. Earth.
Yirth. Earth.
Younkers. Children.
Youf. To bark, to whine.
Yowl. To yell, as a dog.

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